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This One



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THE
DANCE OF LIFE

A POEM BY THE AUTHOR OF
'DOCTOR SYNTAX'

ILLUSTRATED
WITH COLOURED ENGRAVINGS BY
THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

A NEW EDITION

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1903



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NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the Edition
published by R. Ackermann in the
year 1817

THE
Dance of Life
A POEM.



Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque iubet,
Doctum: Imitatorem et veras hinc ducere voces
Interdum speciosa locus moralæque rectæ
Fabula nullius videris, sine pondere et arte.
Vulgius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur.
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Hor. Ars. Poet

THE DANCE OF LIFE

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque Jubebo
Doctum Imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recté
Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

HOR. *Ars Poet.*

ADVERTISEMENT

THE eight Monthly Numbers, to which this WORK was limited, being compleated, it is presented to the Public in an accumulated Volume. Though an acquaintance has taken place between the Artist and the Writer, the same principle has in a great degree, if not altogether, predominated in the originality of the Designs and attendant Illustrations of them, as produced the *Tour of Doctor Syntax*, and the *Dance of Death*.—I have continued the same measure which is not only best suited to the mediocrity of my Talent for Versification, but to the familiar Style of that Narrative, which I hope it may be found to enliven.—It will not, I trust, be saying too much, if I presume that it runs more smoothly from the Tongue than Prose, where it may be thought worth the reading, and more readily attaches to the memory, if any parts should

be thought worth remembering.—But I do not mean to stray into an Apology, which would be an affected, if not an impertinent return for the large portion of Public Favour, which this and the preceding Works of a similar Character have been so fortunate as to receive.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE DANCE OF LIFE

PROLOGUE

LIFE!—How stupendous is the thought !
With what mysterious matter fraught ;
For, in its sphere, it doth embrace
The wonders of the Human Race.
From the first hour when Time began,
By power divine, to flow for man,
We see the History is the same :
The thirst of rule, the love of fame ;
The sacrifice of ease and health
To gain the shining stores of wealth ;
The laurel wreath by blood obtain'd,
And mighty kingdoms lost and gain'd.
Changes and chances take their course,
From good to bad, from bad to worse ;
And then revert—such is their mood,
From worse to bad, from bad to good.

The Hermit's cave, th' imperial throne,
Alike their fretful influence own.
Virtue and Vice have each their rules,
To make men wise, and pamper fools.
Thus Man, upon Time's boist'rous main,
Is toss'd by joy, or sunk by pain.
The Passions, by their strong controul,
Or agitate or calm the soul ;
And, by their never-failing strife,
Display the colouring of LIFE.
The breezy coolness that doth cheat
The Summer's noontide of its heat,
The lightnings flash, the rolling storm
The sky's æthereal Blue deform :
The Eastern blight's destroying doom
Robs vernal beauty of its bloom ;
And driven snow, in silver shower,
Enlightens Winter's darksome hour.

Thus, thus will man do right or err,
Nor deviate from his character :
And while some most submissive yield,
To every Imp in Folly's field,
Others acquire the blest condition
To conquer Love and starve Ambition ;

Two passions which require, 'tis true,
Something like Wisdom to subdue.
'Tis thus that motley man appears
In early life and fading years.

Doctrines indeed, may change their name,
But then their tenour is the same :
Indeed, so wise and sage their rules,
One wonders there are any fools ;
And then we're call'd to wonder more,
When we see Folly at threescore.
Are there not those whose care pursues,
What, if possess'd, they cannot use ;
While such there are, whose silly pride
What they could use will throw aside :
But 'tis not right alone to tell
Of things that do with Folly dwell ;
Which the weak parts of man expose,
And where the stream of error flows.
Why should we chaunt the languid lay,
That Lux'ry sings through Fashion's day ?
Why should we join the painted train,
The croud where sick'ning pleasures reign ;
Or, as time rolls its hours along,
Be list'ning to the Syren's song ?

Or seek the couch where pining wealth,
On velvet laid, calls out for health
Lost 'midst excess, but calls in vain,
Nor finds that gold can cure his pain.
But these are scenes which, to the eye,
Present their vast variety ;
And he who paints Life's picture true,
Must hold up to the Gazer's view.

But still the higher duties move,
To trace the philosophic grove,
Which Wisdom's sons are known to love :
Where studious thought delights to
plan
The happiness of social man ;
And, passion's active flame suppress'd,
To plant each virtue in the breast.
Nor should we pass the secret cell,
Where lonely Science loves to dwell,
Pleas'd, from its lamp, to cast the ray
That lights the mind's beclouded day.
Nor can we fail with awe to bless
That certain source of happiness,
The altar's form on which we read
The good man's hope, the Christian's creed ;

Tells the best joys to mortals given,
And shews the path that leads to Heaven.

Thus we may trace, with thought refin'd,
The progress of th' immortal mind ;
From the young smile, the speaking eye,
The struggling tongue of Infancy,
Through childhood's fair, unconscious hour,
To the first dawns of the power,
When Reason beams, with genial ray,
To bring on intellectual day.
So youth proceeds, on Nature's plan,
To gain the character of man.
O then farewell to fairy fields,
And many a flower that fancy yields,
To climb, through varying pain and ease,
Th' ascent of Time by due degrees ;
While Virtue dignifies the care
That mortal man is doom'd to bear.
The patriot's toil, the victor's crown
With honour sought, by honour won ;
And all the wide extending powers
That govern Life's most active hours.
At length the Patriarch's hoary age
Displays the venerable sage,

Who waits, each virtuous course pursued,
The recompense of being good.

Here it were well—if, in the scene,
No uncouth shapes should intervene,
But he who paints to nature true,
Must take all objects in his view :
The good, the ill, or sense or folly,
Light-footed joy, and melancholy,
Upon the canvas claim a place
For truth, in order due, to trace,
Hope's angel form and grim despair,
And saints and sinners must be there.

Thus will the menial artist scan
The changeful state and powers of man :
Each various being will display
Inform'd with Life and Reason's ray ;
And his weak, feebler force combine
With strength and energy divine.
He views him groveling, sad and low,
The child of misery and woe :
Anon he sees him rich and great,
Clothed in the plenitude of state.
The lights and shades, in contrast due,
Relieve each other in the view :

Alike the moral painter's part
T'obey the rules of studious art ;
Thus to attract the mental eye
With height'ning variety ;—
And as the pencil truly gives
Each form that on the canvas lives,
To make his pen adopt the plan,
In picturing the mind of man.
Oft must he quit the tow'ring aim
Of wisdom, and the boast of fame
To view the sport where folly plays
And courts the flatt'rer's empty praise,
The labourer who tills the soil,
Whose bread is gained by daily toil ;
The humble home within the dale,
Which no rude storms of Life assail,
Present their subjects to the eye,
As chance unfolds the scenery.
The lofty turrets too must share
His contemplation's watchful care,
Where the old halls with banners gay,
The pride of ancient times display :
He too, in modern domes will trace
Bright Fashion's more luxuriant grace :
While at the costly sumptuous board,
Some DIVES rules, the pamper'd Lord ;

But even there the eye may see
The heaven-born form of Charity :
E'en in those scenes where lux'ry reigns,
The ear attends when man complains.
In ev'ry corner of our Isle
The kind and healing virtues smile ;
And pining penury commands
The melting hearts, the op'ning hands :
There, if a Lazarus asks for bread,
The humble mendicant is fed.

Fancy, who with her playful power,
Bedecks the scene with many a flower ;
Smiles on the view so fair and gay,
And frolics in the sweets of May ;
Will, 'midst its joys, be forc'd to fly,
From the dark threat'nings of the sky,
And leave its fairy work undone
When murky clouds obscure the sun.
—The Passions too, in their degrees,
As they distract, or charm, or please,
To keen reflection's view arise,
In rude or soften'd energies.
Firm Friendship's bright unsullied flame
That burns and ever is the same ;

THE DANCE OF LIFE

Can the æthereal spirit trace
That elevates the human race ;
The maze of nature dares to scan,
And thus, through Life, to picture man.

Such is the task to him assign'd,
Who paints the features of the mind :
Such is the tale so often told,
With forms we ev'ry day behold.
The transient figures dance along,
To sober strain or lively song,
In the same measure o'er and o'er
As our great grandsires did before.

No novelties beneath the sun,
The wise man says, are seen or done ;
Nor do we aim at ought that's new—
Content, if what is told, be true.
If but the moral painter's art
Should, by its pictures, mend the heart ;
Turn the too heedless steps of youth
From devious paths in search of truth :
Content to wake the careless thought,
To think the very thing it ought ;
To combat Passion's fierce controul,
And calm the hurries of the soul ;

Vice, with its gorgon terrors crown,
On manhood's brow to plant the frown
Of stern contempt for Folly's train,
With Pride's array, and Fashion's reign :
Content, if Virtue's struggling form
Disdainful of the adverse storm,
Confirms the heart, yet unsubdued,
In the pure love of what is good.

CHAPTER I

INFANCY

THE NURSE'S SOLILOQUY

‘ SWEET Baby, sweet !—The joy I prove
‘ Is equal to a parent’s love :
‘ For ah, those days I’ve not forgot,
‘ When it was my envied lot,
‘ Array’d in all her infant charms,
‘ To dance my Lady in these arms :
‘ But now she is a mother grown,
‘ And calls this bantling dear her own.
‘ In that same cradle, many a day,
‘ I’ve seen her stretch her arms and play ;
‘ There have I sat, with watchful eye,
‘ And sooth’d her with my lullaby.
‘ With the same voice her pains beguil’d
‘ As I calm thine—thou lovely child !
‘ Her prattle, which I us’d to hear,
‘ Was sweetest music to my ear.

‘ —As time fled on, my nurseling grew
‘ Delightful to each gazer’s view ;
‘ And like the Summer’s fairest flower,
‘ Encreas’d in beauty ev’ry hour ;
‘ While goodness as we all can tell,
‘ Within her bosom seem’d to dwell.
‘ —Though I was humble, and was poor,
‘ She oft came to my cottage door.—
‘ “ I ’m come, dear Nurse,” she ’d say, “ to know
‘ If you want ought I can bestow :
‘ For, you may trust me, while I live,
‘ You shall want nothing I can give.”
‘ Then she would sit and chat awhile,
‘ And make my little dwelling smile.
‘ I bless’d the day when she was wed ;
‘ I saw her to the altar led,
‘ By the rich Knight, whose power commands
‘ The wide extent of neighb’ring lands,
‘ Who then, his added wealth to crown,
‘ Could call those matchless charms his own.
‘ A veil half hid the blushing grace
‘ That play’d upon her lovely face :
‘ I thought an angel’s form was seen,
‘ As she was led across the Green.
‘ Her flowing train with ’broidery bound,
‘ Of spangled silver swept the ground ;

‘ And, as she mov’d with solemn tread,
‘ The proud plumes wav’d upon her head :
‘ White roses dress’d her bosom bare
‘ With opening leaves, but not so fair.
‘ —The maidens cull’d, at early day,
‘ Each flower, to deck the bridal way,
‘ With which wild nature clothes the fields,
‘ Or the well-cultur’d garden yields :
‘ All clad in white, their sweets they strow,
‘ And onward march’d, a pretty show ;
‘ While the gay morrice-dancers bound
‘ As their feet give the tinkling sound.
‘ My kind, good man—but he is gone,
‘ And his head rests beneath a stone,
‘ Bore a fine streaming flag, which he
‘ Brought home, when he came last from sea.
‘ And was as proud as when he bore
‘ The well-won prize from hostile shore.
‘ —Full many a ’Squire and Lady fair
‘ Attended on the nuptial pair :
‘ On their fine clothes the sun-beams shone ;
‘ ’Twas a grand sight to look upon !
‘ Our village such a noble train
‘ Ne’er saw before, nor will again.
‘ —In the church porch I took my stand,
‘ When the Bride smil’d and gave her hand,

‘ And thus address’d me as she passed :
‘ “ Dear Nurse, you’ve got your wish at last,”
‘ For in my talk, I us’d to say,
‘ I wish’d to see her wedding-day.
‘ O how the village steeple rung :
‘ What pleasure heard from ev’ry tongue !
‘ The may-pole was with garlands gay,
‘ The shepherd sung his roundelay ;
‘ And many a maid and many a swain
‘ Forgot the labours of the plain.
‘ ’Twas pleasure sure without alloy ;—
‘ One chorus then of gen’ral joy.
‘ The music play’d, the healths went round,
‘ And nimble feet obey’d the sound ;
‘ But in their joys I did not join
‘ Though they could never equal mine :
‘ With the white knot upon my breast
‘ I sigh’d, though on a day so blest.
‘ Then did I to my cottage go,
‘ And let the stream of pleasure flow :
‘ Never, from sorrow or from care,
‘ (And I, ’tis true, have had my share),
‘ Did on my cheeks such water fall,
‘ As on that happy Festival.
‘ For how, alas, my bosom bled
‘ When I beheld a daughter dead :

•

‘ When my affection could not save
‘ The best of husbands from the grave.
‘ But still, I had been taught to know
‘ That Life is mix’d with joy and woe ;
‘ And, in the share that they are given,
‘ We ought to read the Will of Heaven.
‘ I then preferr’d my humble prayer
‘ For blessings on the honour’d pair ;
‘ And that their bed might plenteous prove
‘ With the rich fruit of virtuous Love.
‘ I knew e’en such a prayer as mine
‘ Might reach the goodness all divine :
‘ Yes—it was heard, I plainly see :
‘ Yes, lovely Babe—it gave them thee.
‘ Oh, if kind Heaven, my Life would spare,
‘ To make a child of thine my care,
‘ No more I’d ask—but to be laid
‘ Beneath the church-yard yew-tree’s shade.’

Thus, as the Dame let loose the story
Of all her past, and present glory :
For thus she’d talk, though all alone,
And no ear heard her but her own ;
The Doctor wish’d to see the child—
The Babe was brought, the Doctor smil’d ;

And thus th' obstetric GALEN spoke :
A sage, grave man, who lov'd a joke.

' Twenty fair summers now are o'er,
' I think, good Nurse, and somewhat more,
' Since that dear, charming Lady there,
' Who graces yonder easy chair,
' Was a sweet, lovely child like this :
' Come, let me give his cheek a kiss !
' She came to be her parent's joy,
' The lot of this fine chubby boy :
' Nor need you now, I think be told,
' The Knight was then but eight years old,
' With rosy cheeks, and looks so gay,
' And frolicsome as birds in May ;
' Nay, mischief did he love, I trow,
' As well as he loves virtue now.'

NURSE

' Remember him ? ah, many a year,
' When he was us'd to visit here,
' And all the madcap tricks he play'd
' With me, and *Bet*, the chamber-maid ;
' His pranks too, with the good old nurse,
' On whom the Curate wrote the verse.

‘ Were I his waggeries to tell,
‘ That now within my mem’ry dwell :
‘ To reckon up his various sport
‘ A week, I think, would be too short.
‘ —Once, I shall ne’er forget the day,
‘ He met and stopp’d me on the way
‘ As I was trotting to the fair,
‘ And slily twitch’d the pie-ball’d mare ;—
‘ The beast kick’d up, I stumbled over :
‘ What he did not, or did discover
‘ I know not ; though it seem’d, he knew
‘ My garters were of deepest blue :
‘ But the next day, with cut and caper,
‘ He brought me tea, wrapp’d up in paper ;
‘ And when the parcel was unroll’d
‘ It held, I saw, a piece of gold.
‘ —One afternoon he play’d a trick
‘ That made Nurse Jenkins sad and sick :
‘ Something he slipp’d into her cup,
‘ And chuckled as she drank it up.
‘ Sad and sick, indeed, it made her,
‘ But a King William’s crown repaid her.
‘ —Nor shall I e’er forget the brawl
‘ At *Lawyer Tenfold’s* funeral :
‘ It happen’d, as I well remember,
‘ On a cold fifth day of November,

‘ I ’m sure ’twill never be forgot :—
‘ E’en now of Master *William’s* plot
‘ The elder folks will talk and laugh,
‘ As they their evening home-brew’d quaff.
‘ —The day was verging to be dark,
‘ When just as *John*, the Parish Clerk,
‘ Was well prepar’d to tune a stave
‘ E’er they clos’d up the Lawyer’s grave,
‘ *Young Mischief* slipp’d a kindled rocket,
‘ Or some strange fire-work in his pocket ;
‘ Which, with a bounce un-orthodox,
‘ Blew up poor *John’s* tobacco box
‘ And quickly scatter’d, here and there,
‘ All his Virginia in the air.
‘ Nay, with such force his elbow shook,
‘ That in the grave he dropp’d his book.
‘ The Rector, with quick step departed,
‘ Away the Clerk and mourners darted ;
‘ And all declared the Devil was come
‘ To take the *Lawyer Tensfold* home.
‘ The Curate, on the morrow said,
‘ The Prayer-book had preserv’d the dead :
‘ For Holy Writ, wherever found,
‘ Would e’en Old Nick himself astound ;
‘ And *Lawyer Tensfold* now would wait,
‘ Till Judgement Day to meet his fate.

' —When the Curate told my master,
 ' In his droll way, of this disaster,
 ' Sick as he was, Nurse Jenkins said,
 ' He laugh'd until he shook the bed.
 ' Merry he was till Life was past :
 ' Old *Betty* nurs'd him to the last ;
 ' And she to me has often said—
 ' What a fine Christian end he made.
 ' He was my Lady's Uncle JOHN,
 ' A stately man to look upon ;
 ' Just like my present Master stood—
 ' Like him was always doing good.
 ' The Doctor knows, as well as I,
 ' That when he died—no, not an eye
 ' In all the country round was dry.' }

LADY

' Now, of this Curate and the Nurse,
 ' Whose worth his genius did rehearse,
 ' I have a curious wish to know
 ' All that your memory can bestow.'

NURSE

' 'Twas *Betty Jenkins*, and her name
 ' Has long been known to village fame ;

‘ Nor will her humble virtues die
‘ Till all forget her Elegy.
‘ I know not scarce a cottage-wall,
‘ Where, or in print, or school-boy’s scrawl,
‘ But there it is expos’d to view,
‘ While some have fram’d and glaz’d it too ;
‘ And each Fair-day, ’tis always seen
‘ Among the ballads on the Green.
‘ —The CURATE, DOCTOR, well you know,
‘ Is gone where all the good will go.
‘ You lov’d him, for you knew him well ;
‘ And what a fate is his to tell !
‘ E’en though I feel o’erwhelm’d with joy,
‘ In clasping close this lovely Boy,
‘ I cannot stop the heaving sigh,
‘ When it comes ’cross my memory.’

DOCTOR

‘ Madam,—before you saw the light,
‘ The Curate bade the world good night :
‘ He sunk beneath some secret pain
‘ Whose cause he never would explain :
‘ As the Nurse says, I lov’d him well,
‘ And oft entreated him to tell
‘ The cause of his deep-rooted woe,
‘ And why his tears should gush and flow.

‘ For oft, as we together sat
‘ In learned talk, or common chat,
‘ Sorrow its sudden course would take,
‘ And his heart beat as it would break ;
‘ That heart, as I can truly tell,
‘ Where Goodness’ self was known to dwell.
‘ —Whims, sometimes, would disguise his
 sense ;
‘ But then they never gave offence :
‘ In them he dress’d Benevolence.
‘ Though Wisdom was his guiding rule
‘ He sometimes seem’d to play the fool :
‘ For such appear’d, to common eyes,
‘ His high-wrought sensibilities.
‘ He ev’ry path of Science trod,
‘ From Nature up to Nature’s God :
‘ The truths that in the Gospel shine,
‘ He taught with energy divine.
‘ O, what a mind was his to own !
‘ What beams of genius in him shone !
‘ They flash’d, but as the lightnings glare,
‘ Heightened by clouds of gloomy care.
‘ —The old Beech, at the Green Lane’s end,
‘ Sadly reminds me of my friend :
‘ There he would sit for many an hour,
‘ And Virgil’s classic page devour.



The DANCE of LIFE begins, with all its Charms,
In the fond Pandling of the Nurse's arms.

‘ When on the mould’ring bridge I look,
‘ That throws its old arch o’er the brook,
‘ Where, with cross’d arms, he oft would seem
‘ To watch the eddies of the stream ;
‘ Although so many years are past,
‘ Since I beheld him breathe his last,
‘ So much he does my mem’ry share,
‘ I almost think I see him there.
‘ —But see, my Lady B—— is come,
‘ And patients wait my going home :
‘ I leave to Nurse the tale to tell—
‘ She loves to talk, and knows it well.’

Just then a high-bred, neighb’ring Dame,
• To make her kind enquiries came :
‘ —My dearest friend, I wish you joy ;
‘ O what a charming, bouncing boy !
‘ His father’s nose, his mother’s eyes !’
Then came those flippant DEMI-LIES
Which tonish Dames, for Fashion’s sake,
Know how so well to give and take.
She then, nor wanted a reply,
Broke forth with due loquacity.

‘ —I wish I could have neighbours’ fare,
‘ For you have got a son and heir ;

‘ But to my wish the will of Heaven
‘ Has nothing more than daughters given.
‘ The Girls are well enough, ’tis true,
‘ But I should like a Boy or two.
‘ Besides, my Lord will sometimes pout,
‘ Aye swear, and pace the room about ;
‘ To think that his proud name may fail,
‘ For want, alas, of issue male.
‘ But e’er three moons their course have run
‘ Like you I may have got a son :
‘ For you must see, dear Lady Grace,
‘ That I am in a growing case ;
‘ But hope I shall not have my call
‘ Till after the Election Ball.
‘ If Nature should be so unkind
‘ To order me to be confin’d,
‘ Just as the Country’s running mad, }
‘ When ev’ry eye and heart is glad ; }
‘ I must be sick, and shall be sad. }
‘ —Dear Lady Susan’s coming down,
‘ Perhaps you’ve heard, next week from
town :
‘ ’Tis strange, but though so lately married,
‘ All the world says she has miscarried.
‘ It may indeed, be said, her marriage
‘ With such a Fool, was a miscarriage.

' She'll treat the thing with scorn and scoff ;
' I have no doubt, she'll laugh it off ;
' For, whether it be false or true,
' 'Tis that, at least, which I should do.
' I wonder'd, with her charms and spirit,
' She did not match with equal merit ;
' But 'tis not worth one's while to weigh
' The *whys* and *wherefores* of the day.
' —You must have heard, my friend, of course,
' Of Mrs. *Quickpace*, and her horse :
' She loves to ride that fiery Tit,
' And always in a snaffle bit :
' It is a wild and vixen roan ;
' A temper not unlike her own :
' Away it ran—but that's not all,—
' She had a very pretty fall.
' 'Tis known she loves to shew her foot
' And ankle, in a stylish boot ;
' But here I'm told, 'tis very shocking,
' The laughing hunters saw her stocking.
' Some officer, a man unknown,
' Just quarter'd in the neighb'ring town,
' Pick'd up the Lady from the mire ;
' And now is seen her constant 'Squire :
' Nay, it is said, the country over
' That he's become her secret Lover.

‘ But I hate scandal—I can prove it ;
‘ And you, dear Thing, I know don’t love it.
‘ But this same caudle is so strong,
‘ It makes more glib my rattling tongue.
‘ —I do fatigue you, I believe,
‘ And therefore my Adieus receive ;
‘ For no replies will you bestow,
‘ But a faint YES, and languid NO.’

Away she pass’d, with easy grace,
And smile sarcastic on her face ;
To claim elsewhere, some fresh attention
To stories, half her own invention.

LADY G——

‘ Now that the curious Dame is gone,
‘ And we, dear Nurse, are left alone,
‘ In your own way, you will supply
‘ What you know of the History,
‘ Which the good Doctor S—— began,
‘ Of this extraordinary man !’

NURSE

‘ If to enjoy the general love,
‘ Doth Man’s superior virtue prove,

‘ He was, as ’tis indeed confess’d,
‘ Among the very good—the best.
‘ Yes, he was lov’d by old and young,
‘ And his praise flow’d from ev’ry tongue :
‘ The old he counsell’d, and the youth
‘ Were shewn by him the paths of truth ;
‘ While with the children he would
 play,
‘ And seem’d as jovial as they :
‘ Oh, when he was in cheerful mood
‘ The sight of him would do one good.
‘ No pride had he ; if *Sue* or *Pat*
‘ Curtsied or bow’d, off went his hat.
‘ —Well I remember, at a Feast,
‘ When all the Summer labours ceas’d,
‘ We were all dancing on the Green,
‘ And he approach’d with smiling mien ;
‘ The pipe play’d, and the tabor’s drum
‘ Tun’d forth the joyous Harvest Home ;
‘ Nor did his well-ton’d voice disdain
‘ To mingle with the rural strain.
‘ —“Give me a chalk,” said he, “ I’ll
 scrawl
‘ My thoughts upon the wainscot wall” :
‘ And, fast as I can speak, he wrote
‘ The verses which I now shall quote.

‘ “Dance on and sing, till night is done,
‘ But wait not for the morning sun :
‘ Then hie to rest, and when you rise,
‘ Offer your tribute to the skies :
‘ For thus, with innocence, ’tis given
‘ To sing and dance, and go to Heaven.” ’

‘ The Farmer had these verses scor’d
‘ Deep with a knife upon the board ;
‘ Nor would he sell them, were he told,
‘ For ev’ry word, a piece of gold.
‘ My Lady, when she takes the air,
‘ May call and read the verses there.

‘ Whene’er He preach’d, the country
 round
‘ Crouded to hear the Gospel sound,
‘ Which his voice did with power proclaim
‘ In a REDEEMING SAVIOUR’S name.
‘ —When to that bed He came to pray,
‘ Where my departing Father lay ;
‘ When he to Heaven his prayer preferr’d,
‘ It was an Angel’s voice I heard :
‘ He seem’d a Messenger from Heaven,
‘ To say—Thy sins are all forgiven.

‘ Sometimes, when he stray’d alone,
‘ He look’d like one all woe begone :
‘ I’ve seen him stretch’d on yonder mead,
‘ Beneath the Bush, as he were dead ;
‘ Flowers he too would cull and throw
‘ Into the brook that ran below ;
‘ And then would pace the streamlet’s side,
‘ To watch them on the eddying tide.
‘ He too was often seen to rove,
‘ As if in sadness, through the grove ;
‘ In the church-yard aloud would read,
‘ As if he did address the dead ;
‘ Stretch forth his arms, then strike his breast,
‘ And cry—“ Perturbed Spirit rest ” :
‘ Yet he would sometimes dance along,
‘ Tuning his motions to a song.
‘ —I’ve often heard the shepherds say, }
‘ Watching their flocks at early day, }
‘ That o’er the uplands he would stray, }
‘ With wand’ring steps, now here, now there,
‘ Like some one who was crazed with
care :
‘ Or on a point, would stand to view
‘ The distant sea’s æthereal blue,
‘ As though he watch’d the gentle sail,
‘ Borne onward by the swelling gale.

‘ —His cottage—’twas a perfect treat
‘ To see the place so trim and neat :
‘ Books, all on shelves, were rang’d around,
‘ E’en from the ceiling to the ground,
‘ And various pictures, in a row,
‘ Hung on the walls, a goodly show.
‘ The Garden boasted every flower
‘ That scents the Spring or Summer hour ;
‘ And all the birds that built a home
‘ Within his hedge, ne’er wish’d to roam :
‘ They liv’d secure, for his command
‘ Forbade the violating hand.
‘ Oft he would sit the whole day long
‘ As if he listen’d to their song :
‘ Nay, when the earth by frost was bound,
‘ Or the snow whiten’d all the ground,
‘ His little Choristers he fed
‘ With scatter’d seeds or crumbs of bread ;
‘ And flocks of Robins would attend
‘ The summons of their generous Friend.
‘ —Nor did the poor-man ling’ring wait
‘ The bounties of the cottage gate.
‘ He calm’d the cares of those who griev’d ;
‘ The wants of others he reliev’d ;
‘ And did, on all around, bestow
‘ The happiness he did not know.

‘ He comfort gave to many a heart
‘ While his own felt the rankling smart
‘ Of angry Fortune’s envious dart,
‘ That tortur’d with a pain severe
‘ Which e’en his virtues could not bear.
‘ —In its wise judgements Heaven knows best
‘ Why these are wretched, those are blest ;
‘ Why some are call’d in early day,
‘ Like flowers, in Spring, to pass away,
‘ While others are allow’d to live,
‘ As long as Life its hours can give.
‘ The learned know these things—but we,
‘ Brought up in low-born privacy,
‘ Can only strive each ill to shun ;
‘ And say to Heaven—“ THY WILL DE DONE.”’

LADY —

‘ My dear, good Nurse, you reason well
‘ The art of Life is living well :
‘ In what is just, in what is true,
‘ The learn’d can do no more than you :
‘ The whole, when rightly understood,
‘ Is to shun ill, and to be good.
‘ —But now proceed, I pray, to show
‘ What yet remains for me to know.’

NURSE

‘ A Gardener and his wife, those two
‘ Did all the Curate had to do :
‘ And, when he died, he left them clear
‘ Full five and twenty pounds a year.
‘ Throughout their service, they ne’er heard
‘ One harsh or discontented word :
‘ They always said, that, through the day,
‘ To them he cheerful seem’d, and gay ;
‘ But sorrow, that tormenting sprite,
‘ Was wont to haunt him through the night ;
‘ And oft his pillow did appear
‘ Bedew’d with many a secret tear.
‘ At length, reduc’d to skin and bone,
‘ He was a walking Skeleton ;
‘ And all throughout the village said,
‘ He soon would sleep among the dead.
‘ One morn, but e’er the dawning light
‘ Had quite dispers’d the gloomy night,
‘ A shriek was on a sudden heard :
‘ The Gardener ’woke, and curs’d the bird,
‘ The screech-owl, whose ill-omen’d note
‘ With fatal augury fill’d its throat :
‘ ’Tis worse, said Margery, I beshrew
‘ It was the griesly cock that crew.—

‘ Again I hear it, my good Dame,
‘ It from my Master’s chamber came :
‘ My heart forbodes—and much I fear
‘ That Death himself is busy there.
‘ Soon did the taper’s glimm’ring light
‘ Display the horrors of the night :
‘ The groan had broke his heart in twain ;
‘ For he ne’er op’d his eyes again :
‘ Those eyes, alas, were clos’d by sorrow,
‘ And ne’er beheld another morrow.
‘ Strange things were said the village through,
‘ Nay, some there were who thought them true.
‘ I heard my Grandame say, the bell
‘ Rung from Church tower a dismal knell ;
‘ Though the old Sexton stoutly swore
‘ No one had pass’d the Belfry door :
‘ The night was blust’ring, and her ear
‘ Might fancy sounds she did not hear.
‘ Others declar’d a horse was seen
‘ As white as snow upon the Green ;
‘ And to his back that wings were given
‘ To bear the Curate’s soul to Heaven.
‘ It was enough for us to know
‘ That he had left a world of woe :
‘ While we may trust his soul is blest
‘ In mansions of eternal rest.

‘ —The village wept throughout the day
‘ That gave him to the worms a prey :
‘ Grief on each eye in streamlets hung,
‘ And told its tale from ev’ry tongue.
‘ The worthy Doctor, as he stood,
‘ Wip’d from his cheeks the trickling flood ;
‘ The Rector fault’ring, scarce could read
‘ The prayers appointed for the dead ;
‘ And, as he Dust to Dust consign’d,
‘ The dumb peal loiter’d in the wind.
‘ Upon the grave sweet flowers were seen
‘ Blending their bright leaves with the green :
‘ I wove a garland fresh and fair,
‘ Which bloom’d awhile, then wither’d there.’

LADY G——

‘ But I suppose, good Nurse, you know
‘ Some hist’ry of this child of woe :
‘ What poignant, rooted cares oppress’d
‘ The deep recesses of his breast ;
‘ And, e’er it reach’d meridian day,
‘ What caus’d his Life to waste away.
‘ He might th’ unhappy cause conceal,
‘ But Death would every part reveal.’

NURSE

‘ The Rector knew it all, but he
‘ Would ne’er unfold the mystery.
‘ He lov’d his friend, and many a day,
‘ Nay, many a month had pass’d away
‘ E’er he resum’d the chearful grace
‘ That us’d to deck his ruddy face :
‘ Yet the fair Legacy he gain’d
‘ Of all the Curate’s cot contain’d ;
‘ And many curious things and rare
‘ Were known to have been treasur’d there.
‘ —The country round, it was agreed
‘ That Love perform’d the cruel deed ;
‘ Strange, he in Love a foe should find
‘ Who was the Friend of human kind.
‘ And yet, as I shall now explain,
‘ He surely did not love in vain.

‘ It was about three months, or more,
‘ After the Funeral rites were o’er,
‘ That here a fair young Lady came,
‘ But no one e’er could learn her name :
‘ I saw her in a carriage wait
‘ As it stood by the Church-yard gate.

' She quickly for the Sexton sent,
' And to the Curate's grave they went.
' She wept—and with such deep-fetch'd sighs,
' As brought tears into Gabriel's eyes ;
' And he was seldom known to melt
' At tales of woe which others felt.
' —I took the basket from my head
' To see what pass'd among the dead :
' I stood beside the Church-yard wall,
' And near enough to hear it all.
' With doleful look, and sighs profound,
' She knelt, and thrice she kiss'd the ground ;
' Then, as around the space she trod,
' She pluck'd the nettles from the sod.
' There, she exclaim'd, no weeds should grow,
' But violets bloom and roses blow :
' Such plants as scented blossoms bear
' Or fragrant leaves, should flourish there.
' Guard the grave well and keep it clean,
' And let it be a shaven Green :
' Make it, I ask, your faithful care,
' For my fond heart is buried there.
' There's gold, my honest friend, she said,
' With which your pains will be repaid :
' And oh, may Justice blast the pride,
' The fatal cause that *Henry* died.

‘ Why did I let that crime destroy
‘ The only source of *Emma’s* joy.’

Now she awhile in silence stood,
Till milder tones her words renew’d.

‘ —But let me check my passion’s force,
‘ And stop the current in its course :
‘ Nor let a desp’rate tongue o’erflow
‘ With the dire sacrilege of woe :
‘ For, if the dead could converse hold
‘ With beings clad in mortal mould :
‘ Oh, if thy Spirit hover’d near
‘ To breath thy counsels in my ear,
‘ Would not its accents bid me live,
‘ Submit with patience—and forgive ;
‘ Nor mourn thy lot in realms above
‘ Where Angels live, and Angels love ;
‘ But nurse the Hope, when Life is o’er,
‘ To meet—where we shall part no more.
‘ All that the powers above ordain
‘ I’ll bear, nor in a thought complain :
‘ Yes, I’ll obey, as if I heard
‘ Thy heavenly Vision’s warning word.

‘ Now, for a while, in mournful mood,
‘ She, like a marble statue stood,

‘ And, with one arm uplift in air,
‘ As if she breath’d a silent prayer :
‘ Then, having from the aged Yew,
‘ Pluck’d a small branch, she slow withdrew :
‘ But e’er the Church-yard gate she pass’d,
‘ Turning, as if to look her last,
‘ She rais’d her veil with solemn grace ;
‘ When I beheld her charming face :
‘ It was, to make its beauty known—
‘ It was, as lovely as your own.
‘ —The horses which the carriage drew,
‘ Went off so swift as if they flew :
‘ And, indeed, this is all, I know
‘ Of the good Curate’s tale of woe.
‘ —Were I to live, I well may say,
‘ Until the Resurrection Day,
‘ Nought from my mem’ry could remove
‘ His hapless Lot, who died for Love.’

LADY —

‘ ’Tis a sad story, I must own ;
‘ And he must have a heart of stone
‘ Who does not kindly sympathize
‘ With pitying thought, or wat’ry eyes.

‘ —And now, unless too hard the task,
‘ If it were not too much to ask,
‘ Rehearse me, if you still have breath,
‘ The verses on Nurse *Jenkins’* Death.’

NURSE

‘ My husband, Heaven preserve his soul,
‘ Was, like a merry Andrew, droll ;
‘ And stories told, brought home from sea,
‘ With so much mirth and pleasantry,
‘ That till night came, and often after,
‘ He kept us in a roar of laughter.
‘ —He, I must own, was us’d to say,
‘ All in his lively, gamesome way,
‘ That my tongue wagg’d throughout the
day ;
‘ But never heard it yet complain,
‘ It did not want to wag again.
‘ If, he would say, his legs could walk
‘ As long as that same tongue could talk,
‘ He should the first Pedestrian be
‘ That e’er mov’d foot, or bent a knee.
‘ —I wish not to give *John* the lie
‘ Now he is dead ; so I’ll e’en try
‘ To speak Nurse *Jenkins’* Elegy. }

‘ —’Tis not a Ballad, nor a Song ;
‘ But ’tis a verse, and rather long ;
‘ Though I oft say it all throughout,
‘ As my hand turns the wheel about :
‘ I’ve sung it to this Baby too,
‘ And now I’ll chaunt it forth to you.
‘ As in arm-chair she sits at ease,
‘ I hope it will my Lady please.’

THE CURATE’S ELEGY ON
NURSE JENKINS

I

How oft, when Maladies attack us sore,
And Fever, big with heat, assails our blood ;
The cooling aid of Physic we implore,
And seek the NURSE of reputation good
For aiding those in such like piteous plight,
And sitting by their Beds, the long, dark, tedious night.

2

She lives beneath the humble roof of Thatch,
Her Cot by neatness is a Palace made ;
But eager Sickness oft doth lift the latch
To tell her some addition to her trade
And bid her hie to some new fall’n distress ;
But little doth she feel—and, seeing more, she feels
the less.

3

Changes and Chances she has many seen,
Yet Grief ne'er wets her wrinkles with a tear,
And Life's last Gasp she oft beholds I ween,
Yet she ne'er knows the sympathetic fear :
And though so oft she sees the passing doom,
She thinks not of her own, though soon her own may
come.

4

Whene'er she hears the Screech-owl flap his wing ;
Whene'er she listens to the Cricket's song ;
She wisely tells the Fate these omens bring ;
That the poor, sick man's Life will not be long :
With voice prophetic and a look of sorrow,
Forebodes his eyes will scarce behold to-morrow.

5

A Husband once she had, 'twas in her youth,
For many a fleeting year is past and gone,
Since that rude son of Labour and of Truth
Has slept in peace beneath an humble stone.
The stone yet tells to all who pass that way,
That he doth hope to rise at the great Judgement Day.

6

One child he left, a maiden passing fair,
Who, in the pride of Youth and Beauty's bloom,
Baffled the ardor of a Mother's care,
And sought the confines of the silent Tomb ;
But she bequeath'd a Babe, whose infant smile
The Grandame's aching heart of Sorrow did beguile.

7

No vernal Flower that in the Garden grows,
Bloom'd half so fair and pleasing to the view,
Her cheeks did emulate the blushing rose
And o'er her neck was cast the Lily's hue :
Till the rude Sun, when she was maiden grown,
With fierce and burning ray did her fair skin embrown.

8

For she was busy in the Summer field
When the rich Harvest wav'd upon the plain :
Full well she could the crooked sickle wield,
And was the foremost of the reaping train ;
And, 'mid the fervours of the sultry day,
She would her spirits cheer with many a roundelay.

9

At Evening Hour, when daily labour's o'er,
Unto her welcome home she did betide ;
And to her Grann'am gave the gather'd store
Which the old Dame receiv'd with smiling pride :
The kindest greetings did the boon repay ;
So that her heart forgot the labours of the day.

10

When Winter spread its mantle o'er the year,
The Matron taught her all she ought to know :
She made her wise in ev'ry household care ;
How she might best assuage the sick man's woe ;
Or heal, with lenient balm, the angry wound,
And told the use of Herbs that in the fields are found.

II

Much did she warn her 'gainst the treach'rous snare
Of artful Shepherd in the wiles of Love ;
And oft did tell her how she must prepare
Her tender mind the arts of man to prove.
' May Gracious Heaven, when I am turn'd to clay,
' Protect my dearest Child, I do most humbly pray.'

12

Now had the Dame attained that fatal year,
Beyond whose course Man knows of nought but pain ;
When Death, his certain arrow did prepare
To lay her low amidst his gloomy train :
As in her chair she sat the Dart he cast ;—
She bow'd beneath the stroke, and gently breath'd
her last.

13

With slow, repeating stroke, the Village bell
Conveys the solemn tidings all around :
And when the neighb'ring folk do hear the knell,
They think to see the Matron laid in ground ;
And, as the custom is, with pious care,
Do sadly haste the funeral posies to prepare.

14

Those posies, emblems of Man's fleeting day,
Grew fair to sight, and grac'd the rising morn :
But e'er the Sun hath shot his parting ray,
The new-made grave their drooping charms adorn.
Thus 'tis with Life—Its beauties soon are o'er,
As a thin shade it glides,—and quickly is no more.

15

And now the pale Corse, all in sad array,
With tender care, by kindred hands is dress'd :
The mournful maid, her sad love to display,
Doth tie the white knot on the senseless breast ;
And o'er the shroud the Rosemary doth cast :
Then gives the parting Kiss, and, weeping, looks
her last.

16

At length interr'd, with many a solemn rite,
Beside her Husband's bones the Matron's rest :
And now the lonely Maid, in piteous plight,
All silent sits with troublous grief oppress :
And here I leave her, with my humble prayer,
That she may ever prove kind Heaven's protecting
care.

LADY —

' Much, much I thank thee for thy song,
' Nor has attention thought it long.
' At all times, Nurse, thou hast the power
' To form an interesting hour.
' Thine is a tale that doth impart
' A pleasing anguish to the heart ;
' And, though it borders on despair,
' Awakes a sense of Virtue there,
' With feelings, fruit of serious mood,
' Which are familiar to the good.

‘ Pity, that has a ready sigh
‘ For every form of misery ;
‘ On whose fair dimpling cheek we see
‘ The Holy smile of Charity.
‘ Kindness, that wishes to relieve
‘ The various pains of those who grieve ;
‘ And, if no other power is given,
‘ Will breathe a pious prayer to Heaven.
‘ —But now, no more of human woes :
‘ I’ll take the Babe while you repose.

‘ Come, then, thou dear enchanting Sprite,
‘ Thou first-born source of new Delight !
‘ Tis not mere pleasure that I feel,
‘ ’Tis Rapture which thy smiles reveal.
‘ Though worlds on worlds were shower’d down
‘ With power to call them all my own,
‘ To yield, if such a change could be
‘ The right thy Mother has in thee,
‘ I would the proffer’d Barter greet,
‘ As dust I grind beneath my feet.
‘ —O come, with all thy smiling charms,
‘ And let me dance thee in my arms !
‘ Then thy blue eyes shall close in rest :—
‘ Thy pillow is a Mother’s breast.’

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD

By LOCKE, or some such man we 're told,
That from four months, to four years old,
The ticklish season, e'er the Nurse
To the grave Tutor's sober course,
Her sweet young Master has resign'd,
Is of great import to the mind.
'Tis then to form, on Reason's plan,
The Embryo of the future Man ;
To give that shape to Infant thought
Which, when to full perfection brought,
Like the young plant, by cultur'd care,
Is seen th' expected fruit to bear.
'Twere well, if at the cradle's side
Reason were made the Nurse's guide :
For, as the Infant thoughts expand,
The chearful praise, the grave command,
Each word, each act, each look should be
Arrang'd with certain symmetry ;

And thus, in order, disunite
Whate'er is wrong, from what is right.
Thus would the ductile mind receive
The Form that wise Instructions give :
For almost e'er the tongue can talk,
Or e'er the struggling feet can walk,
An eager power is ever shewn
To make the wants and wishes known.
To check or grant th' imperfect prayer
Demands the ever patient care ;
To quench, at once, the impetuous flame,
That the shrill wailing may proclaim ;
With ready soothing to beguile
Its little anger to a smile ;
To watch each sudden turn of nature,
And catch each lively change of feature ;
To pleasing objects turn the eye,
The ear to sounds of Harmony ;
And every active art employ
To keep in flow the stream of Joy ;—
Such is, as Reason will agree,
The WISDOM of the NURSERY.

'Twere well if sage, domestic power
Would watch the Infant's earliest hour ;

And let that constant care be shown
Which Duty may be proud to own.
Chuse sense as well as healthy state
In those who on the Cradle wait ;
Nor e'er allow that vulgar curse,
The babbling nonsense of a Nurse.
Oh never cease the thought to scan,
That ev'ry Boy may be a Man !
'Tis known, that oft the Goblin's tale,
Does to Life's latest hour prevail ;
And Doctrines, by the Nurses taught,
Are fix'd for ever in the thought :
The fair Impression then pursue,
Of what is just, and what is true ;
Nor think Instruction's hourly boon,
In its due shape, can come too soon.
The seeds, in earliest Childhood sown
As buds, will in the Boy be known :
In Youth, as blossoms will appear,
And in full Manhood, fruitage bear.
The comforts of a future day
Will thus Affection's toil repay ;
And the glad Parent fondly see
The WISDOM of the NURSERY.

But here such caution was not known,
Nor was this wise attention known :

Sir WILLIAM GRACEFUL's little Heir
Receiv'd a diff'rent kind of care.
He was a lively, blooming boy,
The Father's pride, the Mother's joy
Th' extreme of fondness did impart
Its power to the parental heart :
The eye its highest pleasure knew
As he in strength and beauty grew ;
No music was so sweet to hear,
As when his voice address'd the ear ;
And ev'ry other sense gave place,
When he return'd the fond embrace.
He form'd the morn's awak'ning care,
And fill'd the Ev'ning's ardent prayer.
Doting upon the cherub grace
That play'd around his rosy face ;
No words e'er bore the chiding tone
That might becloud it with a frown ;
And each indulgence did appear
To grant the wish or check the tear.
Thus he became a froward child—
Humour'd, and scarce half-taught, and spoil'd.
—He look'd so happy, when his Kite
Sprung in the air and gain'd its height
So full of harmony the squall
When the Bat drove the flying Ball ;

Of graceful motion what a treat
 When the Rope pass'd beneath his feet ;
 What a young Hero did appear
 When his Drum deafened ev'ry ear ;
 And no one dare for silence sue
 When he the tuneless whistle blew.
 —In short, it was a sin to tease him,
 Or to do aught that might displease him ;
 Nor could Mamma support the look
 When he was ask'd about his book.
 —But as 'twas fitting he should know
 His Primmer, and the Chris-cross Row,
 To an old Dame he was consign'd
 As *Alma Mater* of his mind.

Near sixty years were gone and o'er,
 Since, she an Orphan girl and poor,
 First pass'd the stately Mansion's door. }
 In ev'ry duty little SUE
 Did all that she was bid to do.
 In Kitchen, Laundry, Dairy she
 Wore the blithe form of Industry :
 Did through her daily work rejoice,
 And chirrup with a chearful voice :
 She too could spin, and knit, and sew,
 And Village Scholarship she knew.

—The Pet of Kitchen, Parlour, Hall,
Thus little SUE was loved by all ;
And many a chuck, beneath the chin,
Did the young Maid's affections win :
For she possess'd, devoid of art,
The feelings of a grateful heart.

—Of all the birds she was the guard,
And govern'd the whole poultry yard :
But she would sigh, when call'd, 'tis said,
To pick the chickens she had fed :
For many a tale or false or true,
Brought up a laugh 'gainst little SUE.

—When her young Misses sought the plain
To form a sprightly, sportive train,
She was call'd forth to join the play,
And cheer it with a rustic lay.

—She had a weighty charge, I ween,
To keep my Lady's lap-dog clean ;
For none but her dare comb a lock,
Or wash the silky coat of *Shock*.

—When sorrow, or disease, or pain
Did 'mong the neighb'ring poor complain,
The little Almoner was seen
Tripping, in haste, across the Green ;
To learn what might the history be
That ask'd her Lady's charity ;

Whose feeling heart ne'er fail'd to grant
What ev'ry kind of woe might want ;
And all agreed that little SUE
Wish'd to have nothing else to do.
My Lady's pitying Angel she
Was nam'd by all the peasantry ;
For she had been, at Sorrow's call,
A welcome Messenger to all.
—At length a comely woman grown
She was as *Mrs. Susan* known,
And now became th' attendant maid
Of those with whom she oft had play'd.
Still treated as an humble friend,
She did the Toilette's cares attend.
Susan, in all she had to do,
Was pleasing as in *Little Sue*.
—She now learn'd those mysterious arts
Which Fashion plies to conquer hearts :
She could arrange, in contrast due,
Each varying colour to the view ;
And had attain'd the skill to place
The Ribbon, with superior grace,
To deck the Hat—t' adorn the Bonnet,
And fix the waving Plume upon it :
The Flounce's flow, its depth, its border,
And all the artful, gay disorder

Which studious Milliners possess,
To scatter Taste o'er female dress.

The Gardener, struck with *Susan's* charms,
Had sometime woo'd her to his arms,
Nor woo'd in vain, for Cupid's dart
Had, also, pierc'd the Maiden's heart ;
But still a sense of duty strove
Nor strove in vain to guide her Love.
For her dear Lady must command,
Before she gave her willing hand.

WOODBINE—such was the Lover's name,
Was of high note in Village fame :
Each tree that in the garden grows,
Each shrub that blooms and flower that blows
Were known to him, from humble bell
That vies with cowslips in the Dell,
To the rare blossoms that perfume
The confines of the Drawing Room.
To ev'ry plant of foreign hue
He could apply the climate due :
He could to dreary Winter bring
All the gay blooming of the Spring ;
And make the vernal banquet share
The lux'ries of the Summer year.

In REPTON's service he had caught
Some gleams of what his Master taught ;
Could shape the ground or place the tree
With Nature's varying symmetry.
Thus aptly skill'd in ev'ry part
Of the accomplish'd Gardener's art,
To him Sir WILLIAM gave the power
Of Park, of Garden, and of Bower.

These virtuous Lovers told, they lov'd ;
The wish that follow'd was approv'd.
To grace fair *Susan's* wedding day
Sir WILLIAM gave the Bride away :
My Lady kindly grac'd the Ball,
And figur'd in the Servants' Hall ;
While the young Ladies, all in white,
Did honour to the Nuptial rite.
—The May-pole was with Garlands hung,
The Bells at Morn and Evening rung ;
The warmest wishes did betide
The Bridegroom and his blooming Bride ;
And all was Joy, and all were gay
On much-lov'd *Susan's* Wedding-day :
While the grave Rector, who their hands
Had join'd in chaste Love's holy bands—

Told the young folk, the scene they view'd
Was the reward of being good :
And bade each youthful Maid pursue
The well-trod steps of LITTLE SUE.

Now Mrs. WOODBINE, she was seen,
Still with kind look, but graver mien,
In higher post, advanc'd, to bear
Th' important sway of household care.
Though with due thought and watchful eye
She did her various duties ply,
The Household Mistress ne'er forgot
What once had been her humble lot ;
And oft her mem'ry did review
The time when she was *Little Sue* ;
Happy that then she was approv'd :
But now respected, and belov'd.
—Thus Time mov'd on, nor did she know
The sense of pain, or throb of woe,
But when Death, by his stern decree,
Bore off some branch of that old tree,
Beneath whose shade, through every stage,
Her years roll'd on from youth to age.
Or when the Hatchment's dismal form
Shone in the Sun, or bore the storm ;

As o'er the Mansion's high-wrought door
It told some valued Life was o'er.

—So long had she an inmate been,
'Twas the third race that she had seen :
Grown old, and now a widow too,
She was indulg'd, and left to do
Whatever might her humour please,
And pass her time in aged ease.

—To her instruction was consign'd
The little Pupil's op'ning mind ;
And, seated in her elbow chair,
She did that op'ning mind prepare
For some grave Tutor's future care. }

But no harsh words were ever spoke,
No threat, but blended with a joke :
For Mamma's fondness had forbid
That Darling *Harry* should be chid.
So Cakes and Sweetmeats were prepar'd
His humour'd progress to reward.

—Still, though with this indulgence rear'd
Granny he, somehow lov'd and fear'd ;
For by that fond, familiar name,
The Child had always call'd the Dame.

'Tis a hard task, the Matron said,
And then she shook her hoary head ;

But I'll the very way pursue,
Which I was taught when *Little Sue*,
By the old Dame, Heav'n rest her soul,
The Mistress of the Village School.
For forty years, on yonder Green,
Her straw-roof'd, decent Cot was seen ;
The little Grove, and hawthorn Bower, }
Her Garden gay with fruit and flower, }
The scene of Spring and Summer hour ; }
And when the wintry season came,
The hearth was bright with cheering flame.
There wisdom sat, in smiles array'd,
For terror ne'er her power display'd :
A chair, that once e'en wealth might own,
Was chang'd to humble Learning's throne :
A widow's placid form she wore,
No marks of age as yet she bore,
But still a kind of solemn grace
Spread its grave mantle o'er her face :
The relict she of holy man
Who soon his earthly circuit ran :
He had no more than Parish Cure,
And poor himself, he left her poor.

With more than village learning fraught,
The Widow now the children taught

Of those, who every Sabbath heard
From the good man the eternal word,
Which to his flock he did dispense
With Apostolic eloquence.
Nor did she dwell on sounds alone—
More than mere letter'd words were shown ;
And while their structure was explain'd
She taught the doctrines they contain'd ;
And many a faithful hist'ry told
From Holy Book, or volumes old, }
The fond instruction to unfold.
The cushion, on the table plac'd,
Which whilom had a pulpit grac'd,
Was by the sacred volume press'd,
In which the weary look for rest ;
Where, for all ills our minds endure,
The page holds forth the promis'd cure ;
And tells, in all that mortals share,
The good are Heaven's peculiar care ;
While it unveils to mental eye
The joys of Immortality.

Whether the Peasant urchin sought
Whate'er the cottage learning taught,
Or the young Sempstress dar'd to try
The path of future Industry,

And point the needle doom'd to lead,
In its due course, th'obedient thread ;
Or when the flax the swift wheel wound,
With hurrying haste and whirring sound,
The attentive Dame, with cheering smile
And kind words, would the toil beguile.
Nay, if some blunder should be seen,
Or here or there to intervene,
No angry chidings would appear,
In the young heart, to cause a fear.
No rod was shewn, no lifted hand
Gave terror to a stern command :
But the remonstrance of a friend,
With better caution to attend ;
To mark the error, and prepare
The mind for an improving care.
In all she said, in all she did,
What was ordain'd or what forbid,
The little List'ners understood
The only happy were the good :
That whatsoe'er the Mistress taught
Was with their future welfare fraught.

The sole degree of her regard
Was more or less of the reward

From *Learning's trees*—for such the
name

Which had been given, by the Dame,
To those that in her garden grew :
The cherry red, the plumb so blue,
The various apple and the pear
Were duly seen to flourish there ;
And branchy bushes did expand
Their fruitage ready to the hand :
From every loaded, bending bough
Fair Knowledge might be said to flow.
There, at the close of Summer day,
Learning receiv'd its constant pay ;
While Winter shew'd to eager eyes
The hoarded pippin for a prize,
And the slic'd pudding was decreed
For well-done toil the sugar'd meed.
Thus in the School-Dame's humble hall
Justice dispens'd their claims to all.
—When Joy danc'd through the vacant
hours,
And carroll'd gay bedeck'd with flowers,
She would attend their sports to see,
And guide the harmless revelry ;
While she unbent in wishes kind
The warm affections of her mind :—

‘ O may you, when I’m turn’d to clay,
‘ Be happy as you are to-day !
‘ I sigh,—but still, Heaven grant you may !’ }

She did her daily task prepare
With pious words and solemn prayer ;
And caus’d each little sprite to join
Its hands to ask the power divine,
In simple terms, well understood,
For blessings that await the good ;—
And all those virtues to bestow
Which make men good, and keep them so.
—Thus she with anxious care impress’d
Those feelings in each infant breast
Which though, amid the various strife,
The Cares and Fooleries of Life,
They may, for certain time, give way,
When madd’ning error leads astray,
Will still a secret influence hold,
And bring the lost sheep to the fold.

I’ve ne’er forgot, from Youth to Age,
The Lessons of the Matron Sage ;
Her deep-sown truths, I still avow ;
I felt them then—I feel them now.
I felt them when but *Little Sue*,—
And now, grown old, I find them true.

—I know that old *John Ravelin* says,
When in the midst of wicked ways,
He oft was check'd, if he but thought
Of what his good, old Mistress taught :—
If sick with wounds gain'd in the wars,
Of which he now can show the scars,
He real comfort felt, whene'er
He whisper'd forth the Cottage prayer.
Brave *John*, now pension'd and retir'd,
When, with his former valour fir'd,
He tells of England's fame and glory,
Oaths oft are heard to deck the story ;
But if, by chance, the spot he sees
Where the Cot stood among the
trees,

The blasphemy's no more preferr'd
But sinks into some pious word :
He seems to see, as if in air,
The Cot, and his old Mistress there.
He has far distant regions sought,
And many a bloody battle fought ;
Has sail'd the stormy Ocean o'er,
And travers'd India's sultry shore ;
Yet still he owns, in Life's last stage, }
Th' instructions of his Boyish Age, }
When tutor'd by the Matron sage.

But the good Dame has long been dead,
And all that sacred scene is fled :
Gone is the Hawthorn bower and wood,
And Corn grows where the Cottage stood.

But her example shall survive
While Granny Woodbine's doom'd to live ;
Yes, her example shall inspire
My teaching of the Little 'Squire ;
And, 'spite of all his humour'd tricks,
I trust, in Heaven, that I shall fix
In his young mind th' unerring rules,
Not always taught in higher schools,
That certain sense of right and wrong,
Which kneaded in a mind so young,
With all the Hopes Religion gives,
And Fears which thence the heart receives :
Hopes that enchant the early view,
But while they please, exalt it too ;
And Fears call'd forth, whene'er we err,
Not to affright but to deter,—
Such hopes, such fears when once combin'd
With the first feelings of the mind ;
Though by the gales of passion tost,
Though, for a time, o'erwhelm'd and lost

Or laid asleep amid the strife,
And opiate Joys of sensual Life ;
When Reason doth regain its throne,
And the mind dares its follies own ;
Or when Misfortune's wak'ning power
Compels the sad, reflective hour,
Unless, by desp'rate vices chang'd,
The mind from Virtue's quite estrang'd,
Again returns the Love of Truth
Which gave a grace to early Youth ;
Again is cherish'd every thought
Which the first fond Instructress taught.

Thus did old *Granny* sit and trace
The scenes, long past in time and place,
And fram'd with recollective power
Th' instruction for the present hour.

'Twas now the important task began,
The embryo of the future man.
Kind Nature had, with fond regard,
And bounteous hand the work prepar'd ;
The soil was rich and promis'd fair
A plenteous crop of Fruit to bear.
But 'twas of such luxuriant power
That the weed sprung beside the flower.

The quick conception was at hand
Th' expounded word to understand,
And the prompt question would apply,
With playful act and quicken'd eye,
While *Granny* would, in tones of Joy,
Exclaim—'Heaven bless the clever Boy.'
But if impatience should prevail,
She had the pleasant, soothing tale :
The Bat, the Ball, the Kite were shewn,
But then the Lesson must be done.
' Soon as the well-said task is o'er
' The long-tail'd Poney at the door
' Shall then appear, with John to guide
' My Henry in his pleasant ride ;
' And when the words are put together
' His Hat shall have the yellow Feather.
' If in your morning's work you shine,
' You shall with your *old Granny* dine :
' When you will find her courteous board
' With many a Tart and Custard stor'd ;
' While Plumb and Peach, and Nect'rine sweet
' Will furnish out the tempting treat.'

Thus Learning went on, hand in hand,
With fair rewards and mild command ;

And the Instructress had the skill
 When the Boy was dispos'd to ill,
 To turn and twist him to her will. }
 When he was in a fractious mood,
 She conquer'd—for his heart was good.
 If she but said, 'Pray, Sir, do right—
 'Or *Granny* will not sleep to-night:—
 'My head aches—I can scarce endure it:
 'But if you read your Book, you'll cure it.'
 His temper then would cease to riot,
 And Learning would go on in quiet.
 —She seldom put on solemn look
 But when she op'd the sacred book,
 Whose holy hist'ries she would tell,
 And on his mind impress them well.
 Their pictures she would oft unfold
 That to his view their story told:
 Thus he was tutor'd to explain
 Whate'er their subjects might contain;
 And his pleas'd Fancy, through the eye,
 Subserv'd to early piety:—
 For, taught in Reason's simple School,
 She felt the known Horatian rule
 That stronger influence will appear
 From what we see, than what we hear.¹

¹ *Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*—

From Paradise, and Adam's fall, }
To the converting hour of Paul, }
He quickly learn'd to tell them all. }
And Joseph's Hist'ry 'twas a treat,
To hear his tuneful tongue repeat :
While, with a kind of Critic power,
To print his fingers would explore,
And from the graven forms unfold
The Story which the volume told.
He then would mark the wretched fate
That did upon the wicked wait ;
And joy would string his eager tongue,
When right prevail'd o'er treach'rous wrong :
But tears his rosy cheeks bedew'd
If foul mishap befell the good,
Though smiles return'd when, sorrow past,
He found that they were blest at last :
While the Dame never fail'd to tell
The Happiness of acting well.
—Such was the task to her assign'd,
And thus she taught his Infant mind.

Now full two years were past and gone,
And *Granny* thought her work was done.
Exhausted was her village Lore :—
'Twas time He should know something more,

She oft would say—for such a mind
So form'd, to Learning so inclin'd,
Howe'er instructed and improv'd,
From female care should be remov'd ;
Should that Instruction now receive
Which learned men alone can give.

She did her wish no sooner name,
Than DOCTOR GRAVELY, known to fame,
As an Instructor, skill'd and sage,
Came daily from his Vicarage,
And undertook the important care
To rear this well-born, wealthy Heir.
Learned he was in all the knowledge
Acquir'd in early years at College :
That was his boast, nor aught beside,
Did he e'er feel as food for pride.
' I 'm a poor Vicar, and no more,'
He would exclaim ; ' but still a store
' Of Classic Knowledge, gain'd by toil
' That oft consum'd the midnight oil
' Is treasur'd up within my brain
' Which seldom mitred men obtain :
' With the most learned I would try
' My strength, nor fear the victory.

‘ Each Classic page, I read with ease,
‘ Homer and Aristophanes :
‘ I am as much,’ he’d say, ‘ at home,
‘ With every Sage of Greece or Rome,
‘ As in the Psalms, or said or sung,
‘ Translated in my native tongue.
‘ Hence, I protest, I envy not
‘ The purse-proud Loon, the wealthy Sot :
‘ Conscious that to me is given
‘ The true Nobility of Heaven.
‘ Kings may make Lords, but well I scan
‘ They cannot make a learned man.
‘ By Trade, the humblest means, we know,
‘ Do oft into profusion grow.
‘ Now I am, what nor Kings, nor Trade
‘ Have e’er by power or fortune made.
‘ I scarce can tell how I detest
‘ The man who is with Genius blest :
‘ To whom, O happy lot, is given
‘ The first and noblest boon of Heaven
‘ When he is seen to condescend,
‘ For sordid views, his mind to bend,
‘ To flatter fools, for golden shower,
‘ Or cringe to stately rogues in power.
‘ —Genius, that in every state
‘ Can make the man who has it great ;

‘ If it be great to take the lead
‘ In just and honourable deed :
‘ ‘Midst all its various cares and strife,
‘ Genius that can enliven Life ;
‘ That, in fair Fortune’s bounteous feast,
‘ Gives Joy a more delicious taste ;
‘ That, join’d with goodness, may defy
‘ The world’s most stern calamity,
‘ And duly mix’d with that pure ore,
‘ Makes mortal virtue something more.
‘ O Genius, all these powers are thine,
‘ And well I know that thou art mine !
‘ —Respect should seek the good and wise
‘ Where’er their varying fortune lies ;
‘ Whate’er their riches or degree,
‘ How proud soe’er their pedigree,
‘ Or though they should be poor as me.’ }
—Thus to himself he oft would talk
‘ Neath hedge-row elms, in evening walk ;
Or when his neighbours did convene
At social Club or Bowling-Green ;—
Nor was a doubting thought preferr’d
To what had been so often heard.

Long it had been his fate to rule
In Market-town a Grammar School,

And many a scholar he had rear'd
Who in the world with fame appear'd :
An humble Vicarage at last
Repaid him for his labours past.
His manners had but little grace :
On his hard-featur'd, wrinkled face,
A smile was seldom seen to play,
Nor soften'd look that did betray
The milder feelings of the heart ;
No kind advance that would impart
Of warm regard the fond return,
But frowning look, and visage stern ;
For all about him did imply
The form and soul of Pedantry :
But still with Learning he combin'd
The power that could command the mind ;
Could, with such skill instruction give
That Dullness' self would e'en receive
The clear, elucidated thought
By his resistless science taught.

He differed much from *Granny's* rule
Which she had learn'd in Village School.
When he sat in dogmatic chair,
No Bribes his Justice did prepare,

But the alarming rod was seen
The token of his discipline.
The conscious sense of what they knew,
The high attainments that they drew
From the pure founts of ancient Lore,
The anxious ardour to explore
The fields of Knowledge, and to show
The flowers that on Parnassus grow ;—
This was the pride his Scholars shar'd,
And such alone was their reward ;
With the fond hope of well-earn'd praise,
To brighten Life in future days.

Poor *Granny* was struck dumb with awe,
When first the Tutor grim she saw,
And heard his clear and nervous sense,
Display'd in solemn eloquence,
When, in firm tone, He told his plan,
To turn her Boy into a Man ;—
While frighten'd *Harry* strove to squeeze
His trembling form 'twixt *Granny's* knees.
—She was alarm'd, for well she knew
This surly teaching would not do :
But the grave Doctor would not yield ;
And seem'd resolv'd to keep the field.

DOCTOR

‘ You ’ve had your way, and I ’ll have mine ;
‘ Your cakes I ’ll turn to discipline ;
‘ For, be assur’d, the Boy I ’ll make
‘ Learning pursue, for Learning’s sake.
‘ Oh, let him sing, and dance, and play ;
‘ Indulge him,—but when I ’m away ;
‘ For if I give the task to-day,
‘ I shall expect it done to-morrow,
‘ Or he and I shall meet in sorrow.’

GRANNY

‘ Don’t make him cry—or Lady Grace
‘ Will put on such a rueful face :
‘ ’Twere better she with smiles should meet you,
‘ And not with solemn chidings greet you ;
‘ For, my good Doctor, much I fear
‘ Things will go wrong, if you ’re severe.
‘ Begin, at least, with accents mild ;
‘ At first, you may indulge the child :
‘ It were as well, that’s if you please,
‘ To practice rigour by degrees.’

DOCTOR

‘ I mind not Mother’s whims, not I,
‘ Though Mother and the Boy should cry :
‘ He’s six years old, and ought to know
‘ That all his happiness or woe
‘ Depend, as he will one day find,
‘ Upon the structure of his mind.
‘ I’ll not relax—no supple tool
‘ To please Mamma, and play the fool ;
‘ And if my well-weigh’d mode don’t suit her,
‘ E’en let her find another Tutor.
‘ —I am well paid—a generous heart
‘ Beyond my hopes has done its part ;
‘ But, if I never did deny
‘ The Teacher’s toilsome industry,
‘ When meagre Charity alone
‘ Repaid me for my Labour done ;
‘ My present duty has a claim
‘ To my endeavour’s highest aim,
‘ When this dear, darling child and heir
‘ Of Wealth and Title, is my care.
‘ —If I have ever strove to wrest
‘ Its evils from the poor Boy’s breast ;
‘ If I by force have planted good,
‘ In characters of humble brood ;

‘ If I have never spar’d the rod
‘ For him whose Father till’d the sod ;
‘ If I have made his sloth to feel
‘ Whose Mother turn’d the spinning-
 wheel ;
‘ I must betray sage Learning’s trust,
‘ And cease to think of what is just,
‘ If I a sense of Duty smother,
‘ And spoil a child to please its mother ;
‘ Or let him share the Dunce’s fate,
‘ Because he’s born to proud estate.
‘ My good, old Lady, it is true, }
‘ The plan that I now have in view, }
‘ And which I shall, in truth, pursue, }
‘ May not at first so pleasing be
‘ As one mixt up with Flattery,
‘ With sugar’d promises to please,
‘ Or fretful temper to appease.
‘ I shall not teach the humour’d Boy
‘ To play with Learning as a toy :
‘ With me his Book he soon must find
‘ A pastime only for the mind ;
‘ And strict obedience must declare
‘ That he is worthy of my care.
‘ Beyond his strength I shall not try,
‘ Nor tempt his half-fledg’d wings to fly :

‘ I first shall study him—and he
‘ Shall then be taught to study me.
‘ Whene’er he trifles, I shall blame,
‘ And strive to wake a sense of shame ;—
‘ Though, when he’s good, with praise I’ll
 cheer,
‘ Such as he is not us’d to hear.
‘ But if, when I hold tight the rein,
‘ The wayward Urchin should complain ;
‘ If to Mamma with plaintive cry
‘ He sobs forth my severity ;
‘ And Mamma should begin to preach—
‘ Should tell me how I ought to teach,
‘ All future trouble I shall spare,
‘ And leave him to some other care.’

GRANNY, who thought that much good sense
Prevail’d in his rough eloquence ;
And conscious it would be in vain
To reason with him, or complain ;
Most wisely finish’d the debate,
And left the bus’ness to its fate.
—For right or wrong, it was agreed,
And honour had confirm’d the deed ;
My Lady and Sir William, both
Had form’d the purpose, nothing loth,



The tender Nurse's care is now resign'd
To the first grave Instructor of the mind.

That she alone the reins should hold,
Till *Harry* was full ten years old ;
And then this hopeful Child and Heir
Was to become the Father's care.
—Thus *Granny* had to play a game
Between the Doctor and the Dame.
She let the Tutor have his way ;
She brib'd the Pupil to obey ;
And did a cunning scheme pursue,
By which she brib'd the Doctor too :
For she found out, with keen discerning,
That next to his high pride of Learning ;
Next to the feeding of his brain,
He did more secretly maintain
'Twas good his appetite to treat
With what was nice to drink and eat ;
And though no gormandising sinner,
He would leave Horace for a dinner.

Thus, sitting in her elbow chair,
She watch'd, with penetrating care
The daily task, and thus deferr'd
The angry look, and threat'ning word :
For when the Doctor 'gan to frown,
And marks of discontent were shown,

She instantly would ring the bell
And bid th' attending maid, to tell
The Footman to bring in the tray,
As it was Luncheon time of Day.
By ready order of the Dame
The Soup and the cold Chicken came ;
White wine and red and foaming ale
Combin'd to furnish the regale ;
And thus good-humour was restor'd,
As he enjoy'd the welcome board.
But while he play'd with knife and fork
He did not cease th' instructive work ;
For as he drank, and as he eat,
He taught, as if a Classic treat,
The Latin names for every dish,
For Fowl, for Pastry, and for Fish ;
Sparta's black Messes he defin'd,
And how the Greeks and Romans din'd.

The Doctor, who perceiv'd the drift
Of this Contrivance, gave a lift
To a design that did invite
Th' indulgence of his appetite ;
For soon as e'er he felt it crave
At first he look'd a little grave ;

But growing hungry, he grew sour,
Which soon advanc'd the Luncheon hour.
—Nor was it seldom he was sought
To take a Dinner where he taught ;
And at Sir William's splendid board,
He ate and drank like any Lord ;
Where he was rather prone to flatter
In classic terms, and pompous chatter.
Thus entertain'd his words grew mild ;
Nay, He would often praise the child ;
While *Harry*, finding calmer days,
Strove wisely to deserve the praise ;—
And *Granny* loll'd in easy chair,
Without a fear, without a care.

At length th' expected time was told,
When the young Heir was ten years old ;
And now, as it had been agreed,
A Father's rightful claims succeed,
And, freed from his domestic rule,
The Boy was sent to Public School.
—The Doctor, though with cause to grieve,
Approv'd the plan and took his leave ;
But while 'twas plain he inward sigh'd,
He wore the air of Classic pride.

Thus did he close his last address,
And thus he did his Pupil bless.
' Heaven guide you, and may Learning's ray
' Direct you in your destin'd way !
' By my Instruction you 're prepared
' For Classic Honour's best reward.
' Whatever, dignity or Fame
' Adorn your future Master's name,
' Fear not, whate'er that name may be,
' To tell him—You 've been taught by me.'

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD

'Tis a nice moment, when a Boy,
Who, having been his Mother's joy,
And nurs'd in the domestic fold,
With hourly care till ten years old ;
Who, during Learning's loose restraint,
Could scarce find cause for a complaint ;
And found each path, in vacant hours,
Strew'd by a Mother's hand with flowers ;
It must be strange, at such an age,
To launch into the world's vast stage ;
For such a Public School will prove
To him, who ne'er was known to rove,
Who ne'er had even wish to roam,
Beyond the dear delights of home,
Where ev'ry want was quick supplied,
And scarce a wayward wish denied ;
Where all were proud from High to Low,
Obsequious to his will to bow.

How chang'd the scene which now he proves ;
In what a different orb he moves ;
Where the young passions bad and good,
Friendship's warm flame or angry feud
First take possession of the mind,
And tell how Nature is inclin'd.
The rude, rough wit, the manual game,
The notions new of pride and shame ;
The frequent jeer, the daring wrong,
Which the weak suffer from the strong ;
The tyrant stroke that all must feel,
And which the tongue dares not reveal ;
While patience bears the slavish hour,
Borne by the hope of future power ;
Which, into higher order cast,
Will recompense whate'er is past.
The *Upper Form* will ever rule
The inferior classes of the School ;
And these, with weak complaint obey,
Because they know the time, when they
Will take their turn to be obey'd
With the submission which they paid.

But still these scenes are mix'd with
pleasure,
With lively sports, and laughing leisure ;



The stern precursor, with his threatening No.

Which will the active mind prepare
For hours of toil and studious care.
These, **LEARNING** rules in awful pride ;
While stern **CORRECTION**, by its side,
With angry mien and threat'ning nod,
Grasps in its hand the birchen rod ;
Whose menace wakens torturing fears,
Whose stroke draws forth the bitter tears.
—**HAL** was not backward to discern,
What Masters taught that he must learn ;
No favour or affection stood
'Tween what he wish'd, or what he would ;
No *Granny* now was by his side
To please his whims, or soothe his pride ;
No summons to a sumptuous dinner,
Would bribe to spare the threaten'd Sinner ;
No mother, with endearing smile,
Was there, his sorrows to beguile ;
No fretful humour was allow'd,
For all with calm submission bow'd :
Whate'er was error he must shun,
And do whate'er was to be done :
No hypocritic, sly pretence,
Would there gloss over an offence ;
No art the penetrating eye
Would rob, of its sagacity,

But Justice be dealt forth to all
In Education's splendid Hall :
There unbought praise proclaims the meed
Of studious toil or classic deed ;
Nor smarting chastisement is spar'd,
The sluggard Culprits due reward.

The verse might here a page employ
In pitying this dear, humour'd Boy ;
And fond affection might create
The hardships of his alter'd state,
With the sad difference which he found
Between his home and classic ground :
How oft he cast a wistful look
Towards the blest spot which he forsook :
How oft, amid his chamber's gloom
He sigh'd, and thought of *Granny's Room*,
Where he no kind indulgence wanted,
And ev'ry thing he wish'd was granted ;
Nay, every harsh o'erbearing word
Which his grim Tutor had preferr'd
Mem'ry no longer thought austere ;
And he would now rejoice to hear.
This piteous Tale we might pursue :
But for one cause——It is not true.

Our HARRY was no common Boy :—
Indeed Dame Nature was not coy
When she employ'd her plastic art,
To frame his head, and mould his heart.
He had both talents and discerning,
And for his age a love of learning ;
But then by fits and starts he took it,
For steady toil he could not brook it.
No one more keenly felt the shame
That waits upon a blockhead's name ;
But oft, from bold and gamesome spirit,
He felt the stroke which blockheads
 merit :

Nor was he less alive to praise
Though Fear sometimes conferr'd the
 Bays :

For oft he did his toil pursue,
Because the Birch was in his view.
It was not pain, but the disgrace
That made tears trickle down his face ;
And he felt trebly ev'ry blow
Which stern correction did bestow ;
When through pure carelessness he shar'd
The wanton Scholar's sore reward.
—But other feelings he possess'd :
No terror e'er assail'd his breast,

When for some novel, daring deed,
He was e'en threaten'd to be flea'd :
That Learning should allow his merit,
And Boys admire his ardent spirit,
Was what he studied to combine
In one original design.

—In all the various feats that claim
Renown to gild a School-boy's name,
His courage ne'er was known to fail :
He sought the stream, he leap'd the pale
Of neighb'ring Orchards ; or where'er
The apple or the juicy pear
In fair luxuriant plenty, grew
And hung all tempting to the view,
Nor the deep ditch or lofty wall
Alarm'd him, he surmounted all ;
And, in disdain of rod and rule,
Became the Hero of the School.

Thus, Time in due succession past,
His sixteenth year arriv'd at last,
When free'd from a stern Master's nod
And all the threat'nings of the rod
He, with good store of Classic knowledge,
If that were all, was sent to College ;

And ALMA MATER smiles to see
Our Harry 'mong her progeny.
Here he was fitted, as at School,
To play the Scholar and the Fool;
And he continu'd, nothing loth,
To give a varying shew of both.

CHAPTER IV

YOUTH

THUS Life proceeds from scene to scene,
The boyish blush, the youthful mien
That a more solid smile employs,
To tell the tale of early joys.
'Tis then th' unfinish'd form we scan,
That's past a Boy, but not a Man ;
And, till matur'd by future growth,
Gives a delightful glimpse of both.
—O Nature, how thy sov'reign sway
Governs our Life's progressive day,
And bids each season to fulfil
The wishes of thy potent will,
While Fate permits thy bounded power
To rule Man's sublunary hour.

Our HARRY now is seen to rove
A *Gentle-Com.* in Maudlin Grove :

Now he with solemn care puts on }
The velvet cap, the tufted gown, }
The Student's best caparison. }
The Tutor's Lecture he obeys,
And joins the Chapel's vocal praise.
Each day's apportion'd hour applies
In Learning's hallow'd exercise.
Nor ever leaves the College walls
To mingle in the jovial brawls
Which mirth and idleness delight
To push through Evening into Night.
In lonely walks by *Cherwell's* stream
He oft invites the Classic Theme :
And, in the noon-tide, sultry heat,
Beneath those branches takes his seat,
Where, if Tradition speaks the truth,
Fam'd *Addison*, in days of youth,
Warm'd by that animating ray
Which brighten'd his Meridian day,
Call'd on the Muses to inspire,
As his hand struck his early Lyre.¹

¹ Mr. Addison was entered of Queen's College in 1687, when he was about fifteen years of age ; and, in 1689, the perusal of some Latin verses written by him on the Inauguration of William III. gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards Provost of Queen's College, by whose recommendation he was elected a Demy of Magdalen College. Most of his early pieces were

—From Junior Fellows oft he heard
The praise they willingly preferr'd ;
Nor would they e'er refuse to ply
His grateful Hospitality ;
Where, though rich viands might abound,
No Bacchanalian freaks were found.
In short, he yet was seen to shine,
The votary of Discipline ;
The Proctor met with modest eyes,
And bow'd to College Dignities.
—A Father's councils still appear
To vibrate in his filial ear,
And a fond Mother's kind farewell
Still did on his remembrance dwell.
Old *Gravelly's* warnings did not fail,
At certain seasons to prevail ;
Nor thought he *Granny's* promis'd prayer
An offering that he well might spare.

But thus, in sober scenes employ'd
His frolic spirit felt a void,

written while he resided within its walls ; and the late Dr. W used to point out a tree in the Water-Walks, whose branches o canopied a favourite seat of the young Student : a tradition wh local enthusiasm is disposed to encourage.—*History of Oxfo* published by Ackermann, Strand.

And sought to beat in livelier measure,
Accordant to the song of pleasure ;
Nor was it long e'er Fancy's charms
His vacant, restless bosom warms
T' extend the circle which confin'd
In College Rules his active mind.
He hears the flippant tongue repeat
The vagrant tale, the smart conceit,
With envious sympathy admires
The sprightly strain that wine inspires ;
And, while he feels the social joy,
New views of things his thoughts employ.
He soon discovers that the Heir
Of twice five thousand pounds a year,
Could not, in Reason's eye, be made
To follow Learning as a trade ;
That Education in its plan,
To form the future Gentleman,
Allows a system less severe,
Less shackled, in its pliant sphere,
For those whom Fate's decrees ordain
To move where rank and Fortune reign.
—'Twas thus he reason'd, thus was taught
To give a livelier turn to thought ;
And, thus betray'd by witless pride,
Took well-dress'd Folly for his guide.

At length, charm'd by the Syren's
song,
He mingled with the jovial throng ;
The sportive youth, for such there are,
Whom Alma Mater's utmost care
Cannot restrain or keep in awe,
By Statute Rule or College Law ;
Who pass their idle, useless day
In festive joys and wanton play,
And call a Life of vagrant pleasure
The well-bred Student's learned leisure.
—*Harry* had wit as well as spirit,
And did those social powers inherit,
Which, among youths, gives youth the
art
To turn the head and cheat the heart ;
And each alluring folly dress
In the false garb of happiness.
Left to himself he would not stray
Further from Reason's early way,
Than Virtue's self, who ne'er betrays,
Would pardon, if she could not praise :
But he too aptly play'd the fool,
The ready, unsuspecting tool
Of those who had the subtle skill
To fashion others to their will.

Thus *Harry* soon assumed the lead
In ev'ry Student-errant deed,
Wrote Epigrams on Heads of Houses
And quizz'd the beauty of their Spouses.
Or if his Tutor's nose were long,
Made it the burthen of a song ;
While at the Lectures he receiv'd
He look'd most grave, but never griev'd.
Yet, though in gamesome gusts of fun
He'd hoax a *Don*, or kick a *Dun* ;
Would in the dark assail a Doctor,
And, by hard running, 'scape a Proctor ;
Engage in *Rows*, which we must own,
Are not to sapping Students known ;
Still, it was so ordain'd by Fate,
Harry was not a reprobate.
In all his freaks, nay, in his wine
A courtly grace was seen to shine,
Which often sav'd him when he swerv'd
From the harsh censure he deserv'd.
He never gam'd, nor did he swear ;
Riot he would, but with an air,
That, somehow, fail'd not to impart
Th' excesses of a gen'rous heart.
If in a Bacchanalian Freak,
He did a Tradesman's windows break ;

Content that the good folks were frightened,
A two-fold pay the loss requited :
He ne'er did mischief, but the morrow
Brought the remunerating sorrow.
When he was sick, or in foul weather,
He'd study for a week together ;
Would trifle with the Horatian lyre,
And call *Apollo* to inspire ;
Nay, to deserve his chast'ning aid,
He'd change Old Port for Lemonade ;
Or ask *Thalia* for a glee,
As he enjoy'd his evening Tea.
But, in these solitary hours,
When Reason re-assum'd its powers,
And the rude, boisterous, flattering crew,
Till he got well, had bid adieu,
His thoughts were not confin'd to verse :
For he could *Cicero* rehearse ;
And, when it did his fancy please,
Would thunder forth *Demosthenes* ;—
And well he could explain the page
Of Classic Lore to Tutor sage :
But the grave Lectures did not find
A resting-place in *Harry's* mind.
Frequent they were, but all in vain,
Though ever clothed in friendly strain,



Wine makes the Head to ach, but will the Art
Of the grave, soberun Lecture reach the Heart.

And such as promis'd to impart
Their counsels to a feeling heart ;
And so they might for one short hour,
But, in the next they lost their power.
These lectures, no uncommon lot,
Were heard—remember'd—and forgot ;
And now at length, we'll give the last—
A specimen of many past.

One morning, when in sickly mood,
The languid Youth repentance woo'd,
The sage, grave man, before him stood. }
Then took his seat, and thus address'd
The anxious feelings of his breast.

TUTOR

' That idle Youth, whom I have seen
' Skulking behind the shelt'ring screen,
' Let him come forth, the recreant base,
' And shew his sour, unblushing face.
' He's one of that mean, blust'ring crew
' Who wait upon, and laugh,—at You.
' What I've to say he must not hear
' With sniveling frown or silent sneer :
' I know him well.—'Tis my desire
' That he should instantly retire.

' I seize the moment when the mind
 ' May to grave thoughts be more inclined ;
 ' When languor o'er the body steals
 ' And a pale, sickly face reveals
 ' That o'ercharg'd Nature suffers pain
 ' And the blood lingers through the
 vein ;
 ' When, for a while, the spirit's fled,
 ' Which, by intemperate folly fed,
 ' In its gorg'd state yields up its power
 ' And waits the renovating hour.
 ' Lost is the flow of riddling wit
 ' Nerveless, in humbled guise you sit,
 ' While with dull thought and heavy eye,
 ' You to some casual page apply,
 ' To ease the mental lethargy. }
 ' —'Tis at this moment I appear,
 ' When duty speaks and you must hear :
 ' 'Tis at this moment I attend
 ' With the grave counsels of a friend :
 ' 'Tis now, while in your present state,
 ' Your mind's compell'd to ruminate
 ' On what you must lamenting see,
 ' The fruits of senseless revelry ;
 ' I come with warm but sober zeal
 ' To make you think—to make you feel,

‘ And fix, by words, with reason fraught,
‘ The lucid interval of thought ;
‘ Which, when this transient evil ’s past,
‘ May, with its best impressions, last.

‘ When I reluctant look around,
‘ What ’s in this Chamber to be found :
‘ What in each corner can I trace,
‘ As in its Owner’s pallid face,
‘ But what his feelings must confess, }
‘ Symbols of riotous excess, }
‘ Of gay and frolic Idleness. }
‘ —Those empty flasks, lay scatter’d o’er,
‘ And, with their heap, disgrace the floor ;
‘ There ’s your disease—there *Bacchus* lies—
‘ The soul of your festivities ;
‘ While on yon crouded board is seen,
‘ Where Pills and Phials intervene,
‘ Those Æsculapian, labell’d powers
‘ Which may revive your sicken’d hours.
‘ For Gods like these you quit the shrine
‘ Of Phoebus, and the Tuneful Nine :
‘ ’Tis thus you skulk from Learning’s ray
‘ To grovel through the sensual day ;
‘ Hence you prefer the Tavern Bill
‘ To the pure Heliconian rill.

‘ —Those sacred Tomes which bear a name
‘ Seen on the brightest roll of Fame,
‘ Are left to moulder on the shelves,
‘ Huddled together by themselves ;
‘ While, fearful that they should be seen,
‘ You veil them with that venal screen.

‘ Your mind has been correctly taught,
‘ And with those seeds of virtue fraught,
‘ Which, though you check them in their
 growth,
‘ May still, in wiser hours branch forth,
‘ Throughout your life in vigour bloom,
‘ And form the splendour of your tomb.
‘ Such is my hope—and this my prayer,
‘ That you henceforward may forbear
‘ The gawdy dance where folly leads,
‘ The snares which foul Intemp’rance spreads ;
‘ And, when you grieve for what is past,
‘ That penitence may be your last.
‘ —Shake off these *Hangers-on*, who quaff
‘ Your midnight bowls ; and, as they laugh,
‘ Sneer at their Host, th’ unconscious tool
‘ Of their ungrateful Ridicule.
‘ They jointly revel from your purse
‘ That pays for all ;—but, what is worse,

‘ They gloss their vices with such art,
‘ So cunningly their thoughts impart,
‘ That though you do not praise their song,
‘ You scarce can think they ’re doing wrong.
‘ —Such is the error, the deceit,
‘ By which the heart itself doth cheat ;
‘ And SOLOMON, who knew it well,
‘ Does in his solemn language tell,
‘ That ’tis a thing we cannot trust,
‘ Would we be wise, or good, or just.
‘ You ’ll say, perhaps, that you are young ;
‘ But youthful habits may be wrong,
‘ And you have play’d the fool too long. }
‘ —Seek Wisdom then, obey her calls,
‘ Which echo through these hallow’d walls :
‘ Give to those truths your list’ning powers,
‘ Which she unfolds in Learning’s bowers.

‘ When you first wore a Student’s gown,
‘ Your virtues we were proud to own,
‘ Nor thought to see you steer a course
‘ From good to bad—from bad to worse ;
‘ Till, with ill-omen’d grief, I view
‘ The senseless conduct you pursue.

‘ You know a parent’s power I bear,
‘ Who gave you to my watchful care :

' While his cheeks felt the falling dew
 ' The sun of me to his fiery brow;
 ' And warmly glow'd me to supply
 ' The full, generous humanity.
 ' The night, in truth, I felt, compassion
 ' That I 've not had aught of rain;
 ' That in false kindness I 've received
 ' The ungenerous impulses of your mind;
 ' That my heart was not long staying
 ' To call in silence to its end,
 ' And let you break in fairly & human,
 ' Not thank'd you by the sun of power.
 ' With you I 've over the world
 ' Both sympathy and sympathy with,
 ' Not was the column for a time
 ' Beginning youth to view the love
 ' Which we have seen in the same way,
 ' With mind and understanding.
 ' But are any other common sense
 ' To take your genuine and love?
 ' But I am interested in you
 ' That cannot you forget to have?
 ' Yes, love I am grateful to you
 ' From the time that of public opinion
 ' But are you the public good,
 ' And call in all the power in power

‘ To witness, in repentant strain,
‘ That you would ne’er offend again !
‘ And yet your follies are renew’d,
‘ The same vile track has been pursu’d
‘ That calls on Duty to repress
‘ Such scenes of noisy Idleness.

‘ I to this moment have believ’d,
‘ And still I hope I’m not deceiv’d,
‘ That you retain, ’mid Folly’s brood,
‘ Some sense at least of what is good :
‘ That all the fruits of so much care
‘ As did your early mind prepare ;
‘ Though in the gusts of Passion tost,
‘ And for a time in Folly lost,
‘ Will, in Reflection’s serious hour,
‘ Resume their renovated power :
‘ And now, I trust, that hour appears,
‘ Which will suspend my anxious fears,
‘ And my fond, pleasing hopes restore ;—
‘ When you will play the fool no more.
‘ O strive this moment to controul
‘ The sickly tumults of your soul :
‘ From your past habitudes refrain,
‘ Arouse, and be yourself again :

' Be what you were when all approv'd—
 ' When all who knew you prais'd and lov'd.
 ' *Horace* I oft have heard you praise ;
 ' Think, then, on what that Poet says.
 ' —A fugitive from Heaven and prayer,
 ' You 've mock'd at all religious fear ;
 ' Of wise Associates bereft,
 ' You liv'd to sense alone, but now
 ' Hoist sail, and back your voyage plow :
 ' To the blest Harbour which you left.¹

' No harsh, pedantic Censor I,
 ' To preach up gloomy Sanctity ;
 ' Youth's lively season claims its pleasure,
 ' But just in mode and wise in measure,
 ' Whose hours, by Virtue's smiles refin'd,
 ' Leave no regrets or pain behind.
 ' Court the gay Muse to whom belong
 ' The chasten'd jest, the pleasing song ;
 ' But would you nobler thoughts inspire,
 ' The Masters of the Grecian Lyre,

¹ *Parcus Deorum Cultor et infrequens,
 Insanientis dum Sapientiæ
 Consultus erro ; nunc retrorsùm
 Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
 Cogor relictos.—Hor., Od. i. 34.*

‘ Or Latian Bards, by Phœbus taught,
‘ Will please and elevate the thought.
‘ Nor ask their powerful aid alone ;—
‘ Join those we proudly call our own :
‘ Immortal Shakespeare—Milton’s rhyme,
‘ That soars beyond the bounds of Time ;
‘ With Dryden, in whose verse we trace
‘ A blended energy and grace ;
‘ And Pope, whose sweet harmonious lays
‘ The mind delights in, and obeys ;
‘ With Gray, in Elegiac pride,
‘ And the free verse of Akenside.
‘ —These, as they charm, with taste refin’d
‘ Will decorate the expanding mind ;
‘ And thus a secret grace convey
‘ To all you do, and all you say ;
‘ Smooth the dull brow of wrinkling care,
‘ And chase the thought that may ensnare.
‘ —Nor these alone, th’ historic age,
‘ Of ev’ry race, of every page,
‘ Displays the long and various story :
‘ Heroes that liv’d or died in glory,
‘ Patriots, who their country sav’d,
‘ Tyrants, who mankind enslav’d,
‘ Sages, whose high-gifted powers
‘ That knowledge taught which now is ours,

‘ The Pictures form of human kind,
‘ Of every feeling of the mind,
‘ As in social man we see,
‘ Or the wide range of Policy ;—
‘ Hence they a sage experience give,
‘ E’en to the times in which we live ;
‘ And frame a Lesson to supply
‘ The Ages of Posterity.
‘ —With these Instructors may be join’d
‘ To strengthen and enrich the mind,
‘ Science, whose powers profound impart,
‘ Whate’er of nature and of art
‘ Presents to th’ intellectual eye,
‘ In all the vast variety :
‘ While Philosophic Lore combines
‘ The various Labour, and confines
‘ In their due regulated sphere
‘ The essential parts of Character ;
‘ And, as the Mistress of the Soul,
‘ Let mild RELIGION crown the whole :—
‘ That power, which commands the thought
‘ To think the very thing we ought ;
‘ And holds up to our solemn view
‘ What we should shun, and what pursue.
‘ —O let not SLOTH depress to earth
‘ Those early blossoms in their birth,

‘ Which to your ripening mind is given,
‘ To bloom through time, then rise to heaven !
‘ Awake your nature and expand
‘ Its powers ; with attentive hand
‘ Prune its Luxuriance ; and prepare
‘ Each branch the expected Fruit to bear.
‘ But think not in your jovial hours,
‘ When Riot rules and Reason lours,
‘ That time is actively employ’d :
‘ ’Tis then, I say, that Time’s destroy’d,
‘ At least, e’en Truth itself may say,
‘ ’Tis wasted, squander’d, thrown away :
‘ For Folly’s vigour and excess
‘ Is nought but active Idleness.

‘ O let not ALMA MATER grieve,
‘ That when her sacred walls you leave,
‘ The presage sad of ill to come
‘ Will follow to your native home.
‘ Let not each reverend Sage rejoice
‘ He hears no more your clam’rous voice,
‘ And that a bad example’s fled,
‘ With all its mischief on its head.
‘ —It is from hence, that to the world
‘ Learning’s rich standard is unfurl’d

‘ Which those emblazon’d types displays
‘ That call on Wisdom’s eye to gaze.
‘ ’Tis from this favour’d seat she darts
‘ Those beams which light the youthful hearts,
‘ And form, on Truth’s propitious plan,
‘ The virtues of the future man.
‘ —Forsake, then, these untoward ways, }
‘ And once again your virtues raise }
‘ To ALMA MATER’s honour’d praise ; }
‘ That when you are to manhood grown
‘ She may rejoice her Son to own.

‘ Fear not the mockery of those,
‘ Who may with sneers your change expose :
‘ Employ the wit and lively vein,
‘ Which oft have gladden’d Folly’s train,
‘ To vindicate the better cause
‘ Of Reason and her sober Laws.—
‘ I do not wish you to assume
‘ Looks darken’d by fanatic gloom :
‘ Rebuke their taunts who would beguile,
‘ With gentle words and winning smile ;
‘ And prove, that to be blithe and gay
‘ Youth is not call’d to go astray.
‘ Reform then all your Follies past,
‘ For know, these Counsels are my last :

‘ But, e’er my warnings I conclude,
‘ Let me be clearly understood.
‘ —Were I to rigid Duty just,
‘ I now should yield my solemn trust :
‘ What I’ve long known, and what I see,
‘ Might ask for that severity.
‘ But still I’ve seen a generous heart
‘ In all your follies bear a part.
‘ E’en when our mandates you’ve assail’d,
‘ No low-bred habits have prevail’d :
‘ Thus, though with much foreboding fear,
‘ My anxious hopes still persevere :—
‘ Nay, while I view thee in thy chair
‘ And see thee sit and suffer there,
‘ I think Reflection, back’d by pain,
‘ May bring thee to thyself again.
‘ But, Sir, if these my Counsels fail,
‘ If your wild errors still prevail,
‘ I must, in sorrow and despair,
‘ Return you to a Father’s care :
‘ To him my power I shall resign,
‘ Which, then, shall never more be mine.

The sage grave man, with solemn air,
As he rose slowly from his chair,

Seem'd all around him to review—
Then sigh'd—and silently withdrew.

Now *Harry*, languid sought his bed
With throbbing heart and aching head ;—
There with his pillow counsell'd deep,
Nor pain, nor thought would let him sleep ;
Weigh'd well the warnings he receiv'd,
Felt as he ought, and inly griev'd.
—MEMORY, first, with painful power,
Seiz'd on the penitential hour,
And brought to his reluctant view
Those scenes he now was doom'd to rue.
Then came REFLECTION, that prepar'd
The mind to make its due award,
And, as its pensive eye it cast
O'er the wild vision of the past,
Brought forward to the grave debate,
The picture of his present state.
But here he practis'd no deceit,
The upbraiding of his thoughts to cheat,
Nor strove to baffle Truth's decree
By any playful sophistry :
Nor did he tempt the prone denial,
Fairly to bring himself to trial.

—Thus as he lay, in studious trance,
He ventur'd, though, with fearful glance,
To view the threat'ning storm that lours
O'er hasty time's approaching hours :
His sicken'd Fancy thought he heard
The keen reproach, the angry word
Which stern Affection would proclaim
In a kind Father's hallow'd name :
He thought he saw a Mother's woe
With all the tears he caus'd to flow :
He seem'd to see his sad disgrace
In ev'ry friend's lamenting face ;
To the sad change, he look'd with dread
From cheering smiles, to shaking head.
—REASON now came these thoughts to aid,
And, in her Ballance, duly weigh'd
The pleasures that from *Duty* flow,
And Virtue only can bestow ;—
The well-earn'd honour of the name
Which *Merit* consecrates to Fame ;
The Dignity that *Knowledge* gives ;
The *noble Pride* the mind receives,
When, without vain, assum'd pretence,
It feels a conscious Excellence ;
The *Courage* (not a flighty flame
Which Fashion's Foplings Honour name)

That guards the breast which is endu'd
 With a firm sense of Rectitude :
 The *Promise* of ingenuous Youth,
 Instructed by the voice of Truth,
 Who, proud of honourable praise,
 Ne'er in the paths of Error strays ;—
 Or, if he should, in careless hour,
 Comply with Folly's vagrant power,
 Soon he the treach'rous impulse spurns,
 And to the good he left, returns.

—Thus REASON urg'd within his breast
 Of human Qualities the best,
 And the strong contrast then exprest. }

—*Folly*, with all its idle train
 Of pleasures sure to end in pain ;
 —*Excess*, with all its noisy joys,
 That Wisdom spurns and Health destroys ;
 —*Spirit*, that dares the world defy,
 Or sneaks beneath Hypocrisy ;
 —*Rude vulgar Pride*, that treats with
 scorn

E'en Virtue's self, if humble born,
 And shuts th' inhospitable door
 'Gainst the loud cravings of the poor ;
 Yet still the social hour submits
 To flatt'ring knaves and ribbald wits,

And thinks it marks superior taste,
To laugh, to riot, and to waste ;—
Calls *Prudence* meanness, a spare jade, }
That Fortune and high birth degrade ; }
A *Hack* for toiling Sons of Trade ;— }
Profusion, which all care disdains,
So that unbounded plenty reigns ;
While every sensual delight
May wait on greedy appetite.
—Thus the sick Student travell'd o'er
His present ills, and many more ;
And thus, with Reason for his guide,
He weigh'd the Fate that might betide
His way through Life, or short or long,
If his first outset should be wrong.

Now, while sleep shunn'd each heavy eye,
He utter'd his Soliloquy.

‘ Have I not heard the voice of Truth
‘ Calmly address my thoughtless Youth ?
‘ Have I not been by wisdom told,
‘ That Virtue’s better far than gold ?
‘ And, while I feel the Fever’s heat
‘ In all my throbbing pulses beat,
‘ Need I demand, if wild excess
‘ Is not a foe to happiness,

‘ Which, surely, ne’er regales its guests
‘ With wanton songs and sensual feasts.
‘ Vain, how vain ’s the power of wealth,
‘ Comfort to give, if void of Health ;
‘ Nor is it Age alone, but Youth,
‘ As I now feel, confirms the Truth :—
‘ Yes, I experience, to my cost,
‘ In losing Health, what I have lost ;
‘ And how my Reason went astray
‘ When I threw such a Gem away.
‘ And where ’s the gain :—What has repaid
‘ The wanton Sacrifice I ’ve made ?
‘ Ah, whither do my Follies tend ?
‘ Have they secured one real friend ;
‘ Or will Affection e’er apply
‘ Its charm to prodigality ?
‘ I cannot now my mind deceive,
‘ As for a moment to believe
‘ That friends are found amid the joys
‘ Of jovial Riot’s frantic noise.
‘ Now that so faint and weak I lay
‘ To painful vigilance a prey ;
‘ When the grave Doctor shakes his head,
‘ And the Nurse grumbles round my bed ;
‘ While nauseous draughts, from hour to hour
‘ I down my burning gullet pour,

‘ Is one of my Associates heard,
‘ With aspect kind or cheering word,
‘ To sooth my pain, or to beguile
‘ Sad thoughts with an endearing smile?
‘ No friendly rap salutes my door,
‘ Nor shall I hear or see them more,
‘ Till Health may my weak frame restore,
‘ And fit me for my former measures
‘ Of jovial feats and frolic pleasures.
‘ But if this weak and sickly hour
‘ Has not robb’d Reason of its power,
‘ If, by my languors unsubdu’d,
‘ I still can purpose what is good,
‘ If I can resolutions make
‘ Which future Folly will not shake,
‘ No more I’ll blend with such a throng
‘ As have enchanted me too long
‘ With Circe’s cup and Syren song.
‘ May angry Heaven ne’er forgive
‘ My errors past—nor while I live,
‘ Regard me with benignant care,
‘ But leave me to extreme despair ;
‘ If, when the turbid ferment o’er,
‘ The Fever’s fury burns no more ;
‘ When my pale cheek begins to show
‘ Returning Health’s enliv’ning glow,

‘ And pure blood, passing from the heart,
‘ May strength to ev’ry limb impart ;—
‘ When Morpheus finds no check from pain,
‘ And he and I are friends again ;
‘ If ever I yield up my soul
‘ To the same Folly’s mad controul,
‘ Which has of late my nature chang’d
‘ And from its better course estrang’d :—
‘ I my most solemn wish avow,
‘ And to the awful sentence bow,
‘ That the fair prospects which display
‘ Their beauties in Life’s future way
‘ May form a dismal clouded scene
‘ Without a hope to intervene ;
‘ Nor one enlivening ray appear
‘ The dark and dreary way to cheer.
‘ —No, if my heart was ever true
‘ To any wish it had in view ;
‘ My purpose is not fix’d in vain :—
‘ Harry, *shall be himself again !—*’

But here suspicious tongues might quote
A proverb we all know by rote :

‘ *The Devil when sick, a Monk would be—*
‘ *But when got well—no Monk was he.*’

Thus *Henry* sick, his vow preferr'd, }
But what is more, he kept his word, }
When health was to his wish restor'd. }
No longer now he pass'd the day
In saunt'ring chat or lounging play ;
No longer did his nights supply
The Feast, till Phœbus lights the sky.
Again he seeks the Muses' hill,
And from Heliconian rill
Quaffs the pure beverage that inflames
With nobler wish and higher aims :
And, while he courts the sacred Muse,
Again with Classic Zeal renews,
His former friendship with those sages
Who stamp't renown on former ages.
'Tis now his unremitting pride
All wild vagaries to deride :
He bends his will to Reason's rein,
And *Harry is himself again*.

Thus by the old and grave approv'd,
And by the studious Youth belov'd,
At length he bids adieu to College,
With honour'd name and store of knowledge,
And feels his full reward, when press'd
To an applauding Father's breast.

The Youth, now verging into Man,
Demands a more extended plan :
The Student's closet now must yield
To the world's wide, luxuriant field,
Where all the stores of Learning's page
Which time has heap'd through many an age,
From the Material which supplies
The Base whereon is seen to rise,
By various art and skill refin'd,
The higher structure of the mind.
Behold with ev'ry page unfurl'd,
The cumbrous volume of the world
Prepares for the astonish'd eye,
Its vast, profuse variety :
A mingled mass of ill and good,
Hard to be rightly understood,
With all the busy, wayward strife
That forms the motley scene of Life.

But here the *Episode* appears,
Mix'd up of laughter, and of tears,
And with its pleasure and its woe,
Most difficult of all to know,
The science of the human heart
Which Wisdom only can impart ;

That Wisdom which experience gives,
And he has most who longest lives :
That Science which when once attain'd
The first great end of Life is gain'd,
And, when by Reason well employ'd,
The real end of Life's enjoy'd.

—To baffle the sagacious cheat,
To pierce the well-disguis'd deceit,
To ken the merit unreveal'd
Which cautious modesty conceal'd ;
To search each motive bad or good,
With which each human Act's
imbued ;

The cause of Virtue to defend,
To deprecate each vicious end,
Nor make a foe, nor lose a friend : }

Such knowledge is more precious far
Than all other treasures are ;
And he who travels far and near,
Who seeks beneath each hemisphere,
If he but find it, is repaid
For the long Journey he has made.

Our HENRY now no more delays
To mix with men and see their ways.

What he will gain, what he will know
In the large round he's doomed to go
Some future tell-tale verse will show. }
Soon he will join the busy throng,
Soon to the croud of Life belong :—
There cities raise their lofty towers,
And pleasure blooms in fragrant bowers ;
Where, Art its various powers displays,
And shapes its course a thousand ways ;
And, crown'd with Joys or bent with cares,
He'll view the nature which he shares :
Where, to be brief, his mind will scan
The whole variety of Man :
And, if his mental eyes discern
Things as they are, he soon will learn
The sacred Law, by Heav'n design'd,—
That Man is made for all Mankind.

CHAPTER V

FOREIGN TOUR

NEW scenes of Life the faithful verse
Is now preparing to rehearse :
The Youthful Bark, our much-lov'd Theme,
Must quit its tranquil, native stream,
In whose smooth course and gentle flow
The oar commands the yielding prow,
And soon be launch'd, with sail unfurl'd,
On the wide Ocean of the world.

Thus with fond hopes, and tender care,
The Father now resigns his Heir
To distant realms, to learn the ways
Of man, as boundless Life displays
The modes and manners which each clime,
Or change of laws or waste of time
May offer to Reflection's eye,
In every hour's variety.
And as the Bee, from all the flowers
That scent the garden's fragrant bowers,

Extracts their sweets to keep alive
The labours of the humming hive ;
So the young Trav'ler from the stores
Of knowledge cull'd on foreign shores,
May, with enlarg'd and treasur'd mind,
And views, by reason well refin'd,
Compleat his Parent's anxious plan
And rise into the promis'd Man.
Thus in whatever state he moves
As Fortune points or duty proves,
He may attain Life's high ascent,
Its bright and solid ornament :
He, of the public weal the friend,
May all its dearest rights defend ;
With generous ardor persevere
In Honour's unrestrain'd career,
While, bless'd with wealth and using power
To cheer fair Virtue's drooping hour,
May, every noble toil subdued,
Be rank'd among the great and good.

Or if, by love of Science led,
With other views his hopes are fed,
He courts, afar from public strife,
The Majesty of private Life,

He then may foster every art
That does to social scenes impart
Its chaste adornings, and inspire
By fost'ring smile, the latent fire
Of Genius, whose powers demand
The Patron's kind, awak'ning hand
To cheer their early, dubious aim
And guide them in the road to fame.
He may command the dome to rise,
And bid the column mock the skies ;
Clothe the rude hill or mountain bare
With umbrage gay and forests fair ;
Call torrents from their rocky bed
And o'er the vale their waters spread ;
Subdue th' uncultivated plain
To wond'ring Ceres' golden reign,
And to Pomona's wishes yield
The circuit of each verdant field :
While the warm comforts of the cot
Are the contented peasant's lot ;
And, as the flocks in plenty graze,
Each Shepherd joins to sing his praise
Whose goodness crowns their happy days. }

With thoughts like these young *Henry's* sent
To travel through the Continent.

Each preparation 's wisely weigh'd,
And every fond attention paid,
To give him state and fashion due
In figure, purse, and retinue.
Nor these alone, with care was sought
A Sage with all experience fraught,
The youthful Trav'ller to attend
As an Instructor, Guide, and Friend :
One who each foreign country knew,
And could speak ev'ry language too.
Nor was his knowledge thus confin'd :
Within the treasury of his mind
Ages of yore maintain'd a place,
And he could well their hist'ry trace :
Nay, every realm they travell'd o'er
He could to earliest times explore.
But, above all, he had the art
To peep into the human heart ;
And when he look'd was well aware
Of what was fabricating there :
Besides, this good man had a tongue
To please the old and charm the young :
And though his hairs were growing
 grey,
He to the frolic and the gay
Could in such guise his thoughts convey,

That e'en the thoughtless would attend,
And hail him as their welcome friend.
—His Father breath'd Helvetian air,
His Mother was an English Fair ;
And good *St. Foix* was proud to own
The virtues that in both were known.

To him, Sir WILLIAM's anxious care
Resign'd his only Son and Heir :
When thus He spoke—' My HENRY's mind
' Is a fine soil, and well refin'd,
' By happiest culture, to receive
' The best Instruction you can give.
' Whate'er he travels to attain
' Let him, by slow progression gain :
' Check not his spirits in their flow,
' (I reason well from what I know)
' But turn their course, by playful art,
' And keep your eye upon his heart.
' O never was the human breast
' With a more noble tenant blest,
' Than that whose pulses Life secures
' To the young Man who now is your's.
' Yet thence my apprehensions rise,
' The part that sometimes cheats the wise.

' I have no fears where judgement cool
 ' Presents its grave, unerring rule ;
 ' I tremble not, though his the age
 ' When the warm passions often rage :
 ' From Honour he will never stray,
 ' Nor turn from Reason's wary way,
 ' Unless some strong, delusive, art
 ' Works on the feelings of his heart.
 ' To guard him from that dangerous hour
 ' You must exert your utmost power.
 ' Watch well that post—his heart restore
 ' Unchang'd, when his long journey 's o'er :
 ' My worthy Friend,—I ask no more.'— }

At length the expected hour is come, }
 When *Henry* leaves his native home,
 In other regions far to roam.
 And now the Chaise is seen to wait
 In order, at the Mansion-gate :
 When He, with every filial grace,
 Receives a Father's fond embrace,
 Who thus his parting Son address'd.
 ' My counsel 's brief, but 'tis the best :
 ' 'Tis in his words who had the art
 ' To dive into the inmost heart :

‘ And while Man can his wisdom read,
‘ And while man doth that wisdom need,
‘ Will give unerring rules to guide ;
‘ Whether on the impetuous tide,
‘ Or the still stream he passes o’er
‘ From Time to the eternal Shore.
‘ ’Tis SHAKESPEARE from whose deathless page
‘ I borrow the instruction sage,
‘ Which form a Father’s grave adieu
‘ To a departing Son like You.
‘ Nor shall I SHAKESPEARE’S thoughts resign
‘ To such imperfect words as mine,
‘ But give them in the Lines I find
‘ Transcrib’d from his immortal mind.’

————— ‘ My blessing’s with You,
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try’d,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gawdy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a lender nor a borrower be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel, my blessing season this in thee.'

HAMLET, Act i. Sc. 3.

' One word more, my darling Son,
' One word more, and I have done.—
' Should wayward passion point astray
' And tempt from reason's hallow'd way,
' Remember this my last decree :—
' Think on thy Mother :—Think on me.'

The *Reverend Gravely* too was there,
And thus, with preceptorial air,
He bade farewell.—‘My honour’d Boy,
‘Thy Father’s boast, thy Mother’s Joy,
‘And I may surely add, the pride
‘Of him who was your early guide;
‘O soon that Classic Land you’ll tread
‘With whose immortal fame I fed
‘Your infant mind, and fondly taught
‘All that its long-fam’d Sages thought.
‘Soon you will see the yellow wave
‘Of once-Imperial Tiber lave
‘Those Banks where courtly Horace strung
‘His Lyre, and wondering Senates rung
‘With Tully’s voice, and Virgil sung. }
‘And, when you lonely wander there,
‘Feel that you breathe th’ enlivening air
‘Which every listening Muse inspir’d,
‘And every Patriot’s ardor fir’d.
‘Think then, O think on Antient Rome,
‘And bring its boasted virtues home.’

Old *Granny*, who had never slept
Throughout the night, now sobb’d and wept.
‘My feeling, which in riv’lets pours,’
She said, ‘is different far from yours.

' You may all hope to see the day
 ' When his return will make you gay :
 ' Old as I am, the hope were vain
 ' To see the darling Boy again :
 ' My pilgrimage will soon be o'er,
 ' When this old heart will beat no more.
 ' I'm hast'ning fast unto the bourne
 ' From whence I never shall return :
 ' But e'er I bid a long good night
 ' And thy form fades upon my sight,
 ' O *Henry* dear, one boon I crave,
 ' That you will visit my green grave,
 ' And pluck the weeds if any grow,
 ' Where your old *Granny* sleeps below.'

The last Adieu that *Henry* heard,
 Was by a Mother's voice preferr'd.
 ' 'Tis thus,' she said, ' I ease my heart,
 ' 'Tis for thy welfare that we part ;
 ' That I may, in due time, embrace
 ' My Son, endued with every grace,
 ' And worthy of his name and Race. }
 ' Let that ambition fire your mind :
 ' Not for yourself—but for mankind
 ' Know you were born : This a truth,
 ' Which warmly cherish'd in your youth,



‘ May perfect the momentous plan
‘ To make our Boy a finish’d Man.
‘ And O, may Heaven my prayers receive
‘ Which I pour forth at morn and eve,
‘ That, cloth’d in Virtue’s genuine charms,
‘ It may restore you to my arms.’

She spoke, and sigh’d, and warmly press’d
Her only offspring to her breast.—

The big tear stood in *Henry’s* eye,
And check’d the voice that would reply.

—One kiss he gave, the scene was o’er,
When soon was clos’d the carriage door :

And as he took a parting view,
As his hand wav’d a fond adieu,
Away the nimble horses flew. }

Silence prevail’d, and many a mile
Was swiftly pass’d, without a smile :

Nor did a word break on the ear
The melancholy thought to cheer.

St. Foix more wisely left the heart,

Without controul to play its part

In *Henry’s* bosom, which he knew

Beat warmly at the fond adieu,

To all his present Life had known,

To all that he could call his own.

He sought not to alarm his pride,
What he so deeply felt to hide,
And those emotions to conceal
Which that Affection bade him feel,
Without whose glow in every stage,
In Youth, in Manhood, and in Age,
Life is depriv'd of all its charm
That doth the breast with virtue warm,
Yields to bright honour every claim,
And sinks into an empty name.
Affection, whose warmth comprehends
Whate'er to Man's best objects tends,
By whose fine, animating power,
From Reason's dawn to Life's last hour,
Each noble thought doth time impart,
To soften or inspire the heart.
The parents' fondness, and the glow
Which in return their children know ;
Each gen'rous passion and the flame
That the chaste Lover feels, the aim
Of Patriot Ardor, and the tie
That gives to Friendship Constancy,
Attend Affection's wakening call ;
The source and fountain of them all.
—This impulse, which is far the best
That animates the human breast,

Though sometimes doom'd to be misled,
By art deceived, by flattery fed,
Was among those, which time could trace
Far back, in *Henry's* virtuous race ;
Nor did he, in his earliest age,
Belie the ancient Heritage :
But each grave feeling, by degrees,
Amus'd by what he hears and sees,
From day to day foregoes its pain,
And his high spirits come again.

Now Dover's Clifts, in misty blue,
Are lessening in his lingering view.
And now his nimble footsteps dance
Among the dancing Sons of France.
—*St. Foix*, with cautious zeal began
To enter on the arduous plan
To form, and frame a finish'd Man. }
—No solemn and too curious air
Bade the young man a spy beware :
No servile, sycophantic sneer
Told him a hypocrite was near :
But easy manners, frank and free,
Mirth that ne'er turns to ribaldry ;
Courage that mocks unjust offence,
And knowledge without vain pretence ;

Truth that no folly dare deride,
 And courts e'en beauty to confide ;—
 Though in each thought and action just,
 Though firm and steady to his trust,
 The failings in another known
 He treated as they were his own.
 In short, the qualities that blend
 The wise instructor with the friend,
St. Foix, without reserve possess'd :
 Such were the inmates of his breast ;
 And soon did *Henry* feel a pride
 In such example, such a guide.

From *Calais* now they travell'd on,
 A journey so familiar grown
 To English eyes and English ears,
 And in such various forms appears
 That it would be a waste of rhyme,
 And what is worse, a waste of time,
 To tell what they've so often told,
 The towns through which the trav'lers roll'd.
 Besides, these pages are design'd,
 With slight exception, are confin'd
 To trace the travels of the mind,
 A hasty sketch, as on they mov'd,
 How intellect may be improv'd :

Not by the eye's astonish'd gaze
At Alpine heights, or Ætna's blaze ;
Or where the flood is seen to pour
From mountain rock with dashing roar ;
But what the mental eye can scan
Of varying manners, and of man ;
Of changes in the track of time,
And Nature's ever-varying clime ;
The policy of different states,
The jealousies which power creates,
The web which artful Statesmen weave,
By patriot seeming, to deceive ;
The half-form'd treasons that foment
The mob to factious discontent ;
The bigot rage that reason bends
To superstition's aims and ends ;
The slav'ry which the scepter'd hand
Of the proud Despot can command
In free-born minds ; and e'en controul
The strong divinity of soul,
Which in its free, unshackled state,
Will conquer chance, and mock at fate.

Towards *Paris* now they steer their way,
Never quite grave, and sometimes gay.

St. Foix did not amuse the time
 In sporting tales or spouting rhyme,
 Nor tell the names, a common mode,
 Of towns they pass'd upon the road.
 But left such things, scarce worth possessing,
 To Friseurs, while their hair was dressing.
 He urg'd his list'ning Pupil's thought
 To topics with deep interest fraught.
 The general history he weigh'd
 Of potent Kings whom France obey'd,
 In various change and chance of power
 On to the present dubious hour.
 Th'infuriate scenes he then explain'd
 Since head-strong Revolution reign'd,
 And *Louis'* blood the scaffold stain'd. }
 He next, as 'twere, with chymic art,
 Resolv'd into each simple part
 That monstrous mass of *eyeless*¹ matter
 Which Anarchy contriv'd to scatter
 Throughout devoted Gallia's realm
 While Atheism rul'd the Helm,
 And, with the blood of thousands stain'd,
 The Dæmon of Destruction reign'd.
 —This map of misrule he unroll'd,
 And then, in due succession told

¹ Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui Lumen ademptum.

The darings of the Tyrant reign
Which Europe's proud, embattled train
So long oppos'd and fought in vain. }
At length he reach'd the Goal of Peace,
The Usurper flies, and warrings cease.
The Nations now their Sovereigns see
Bound by one tie of Policy,
To France restore its former crown
Which ne'er again will be o'erthrown,
While its free people firm and true
To rights, which yet they never knew,
Will wisely use the blessings given :
The bounty of relenting Heaven.

Thus *St. Foix* sketch'd an outline true
And brought to one historic view,
As old recording Time supplies,
Its bearings and its policies,
That knowledge which unless 'tis shewn
And by reflection made our own,
All *Foreign Travel* is mere play
That fills up time from day to day,
Till Fashion makes the allotted round
Which does the post-haste journey bound ;
And after it has ceas'd to roam
Bears nought but gawdy gew-gaws home,

While all the memory does supply
Is some vain, trifling Diary.
—It tells, perhaps, that people dance
With such a lively air in France ;
And that the Palais Royal far
Excels St. James's Street Bazaar ;
While the Dutch women, in a trice,
Can skait a league upon the ice :
That Alpine heights are white with snow
While the clouds veil the depths below :
That our St. Paul's high-rising dome
Is not so large as that of Rome ;
And when the Pope, in pomp, goes there
To bless the folk, and mutter prayer,
He does not half the show display
Of our Lord Mayor, on Lord Mayor's day :—
That the Pantheon, as it stands,
The noble work of Grecian hands,
Was once a Pagan Fane, the pride
Of Jove, and all the gods beside,
Who left the Temple in the lurch
Now to become a Romish Church.
That Strasbourg's famous steeple's higher
By some score feet than Salisbury Spire ;
That by the side of Naples' Bay
A Mountain smokes both night and day,

And when it chuses to boil o'er,
Doth streams of liquid light'ning pour.
At Venice you your life may pass,
And never see a horse or ass :
There his long whip no coachman cracks,
And boats are us'd instead of hacks ;
As ev'ry street is a canal
Throughout that sea-girt capital.
—Many there are who, from the tour
Of smiling Europe, gain no more
When they retouch the British shore. }
Who, in the words of *Socrates*,
Could find *out nought in stones and trees* :¹
For they alone employ'd their eyes
To make them good, and learn'd, and wise,
Because we may become all three
Without this transit o'er the sea.
For Learning surely is not found
By posting over foreign ground :
We need not for fair Virtue roam
In other countries, still at home,
It may be seen, nor need we toil
For wisdom in a foreign soil :

¹ SOCRATES had never stirred out of Athens ; and being frequently asked by his admirers, why he affected this singularity, was used to reply, that *Stones and Trees* did not edify him.

That may be gain'd where *Newton* gain'd it ;
Where *Bacon*, *Boyle*, and *Locke* obtain'd it.
But while the folly we deride,
Let truth display the other side ;
And now the thought we shall pursue,
As *St. Foix* did the theme renew.

‘ This is my long digested plan
‘ To form the English Gentleman.—
‘ Not as the witty *Stanhope* taught,
‘ Who set all solid good at nought,
‘ And sacrific’d the mind, the heart
‘ To outward grace and inward art.
‘ No, I would blend the grace refin’d
‘ With all the virtues of the mind ;
‘ The heart’s best feelings would unite
‘ With manners form’d to yield delight ;
‘ While Knowledge, Science, Taste should give
‘ The potent, grave, prerogative,
‘ With happy guidance to controul
‘ The combin’d impulse of the whole.
‘ An ardent hope holds up to view
‘ This plan of mine compleat in You.

‘ Where does pure Learning take her stand,
‘ Where does she with such power command,
‘ As in BRITANNIA’S happy land ?

‘ There *Education* does not dwell
‘ In cloister’d gloom or monkish cell ;
‘ But in the sunshine world at large
‘ Does her important cares discharge.
‘ Virtue, Religion, Reason bear
‘ The train of this high character,
‘ And teach the passions to obey
‘ The mild, but unrelenting sway :
‘ While knowledge of all ancient time,
‘ Of every race, of every clime,
‘ Flows from the well-expounded page
‘ Of Saint, Philosopher, and Sage.
‘ With these fair Science comes to share
‘ The free, illuminating care ;
‘ And, to the curious mind, makes known
‘ What Art and Nature call their own.
‘ How then must we compleat the plan,
‘ To form the accomplish’d Gentleman ?

‘ Due knowledge is already gain’d ;
‘ The Scholar’s character attain’d :
‘ Honour and Virtue act their part
‘ In the recesses of the heart :
‘ In every deed they’re seen to shine,
‘ The fruit of righteous discipline.

‘ Such qualities are ever found,
‘ Of matchless worth, on British ground :
‘ But do not rank and wealth demand
‘ The polish of a Foreign land,
‘ Where splendid policy prevails,
‘ And the clime breathes more genial
 gales?
‘ There the mind ’neath despotic sway,
‘ Is forc’d to bend and to obey ;
‘ And, check’d in its own native powers, }
‘ Must trifle through life’s fleeting hours, }
‘ And seek its joys in Pleasure’s bowers : }
‘ The Graces there the place supply
‘ Of manners form’d by Liberty.
‘ The sons of Lux’ry born to rove
‘ ’Midst odours, in the myrtle grove,
‘ Will decorate, with soften’d aim,
‘ Whatever act their duties claim ;
‘ Give a bright colour to each thought,
‘ With mirth or graver purpose fraught,
‘ And with a free, habitual ease
‘ Appear, at least, to wish to please.
‘ Though qualities of foreign growth,
‘ Yet British honour, British worth
‘ May be improv’d, when they receive
‘ The polish which such arts can give :

‘ To gain them you do well to roam,
‘ So that you take your virtues home.

‘ When you erect a mansion fair
‘ The Architect employs his care
‘ To suit it to your rank and wealth,
‘ And every view of use and health ;
‘ The Summer zephyrs to receive,
‘ And shut up warm in Winter’s eve ;
‘ While the whole structure you supply
‘ With solid uniformity :
‘ But the plain, simple shape demands
‘ The aid of decorating hands.
‘ ’Tis then the Frieze is seen to crawl,
‘ In leafy length, along the wall :
‘ The capitals of Corinth rise
‘ In order due to meet the eyes,
‘ And crown the columns massy proof
‘ That seem to bear the fretted roof.
‘ The hollow niche, in its recess,
‘ Does the fine antique vase possess
‘ While the Farnesian Flora drest
‘ In her light-flowing, simple vest,
‘ And Vestal maids their lamps display,
‘ That give to Night the beams of Day :

' The sculptur'd tablets deck the dome
 ' With stories drawn from Greece and Rome,
 ' And Guido's grace and Titian's glow,
 ' With many a charm the arts bestow,
 ' In various order, taste and place
 ' Diffuse a decorating grace.
 ' —Thus, while no wanton sacrifice
 ' Is vainly made to please the eyes,
 ' Or that some whim of idle pride
 ' By gew-gaws may be gratified ;
 ' If, in the ornamental cost,
 ' No plain, domestic use is lost,
 ' And while the structure's solid frame
 ' In all its parts remains the same,
 ' The wealthy owner's rank receives
 ' The added homage splendour gives.
 ' Thus manners on *Old* Wickham's plan
 ' Step in to make the perfect man ¹ ;
 ' To fashion Virtue rough and rude,
 ' And give a grace to what is good.

' It might be gravely ask'd, 'tis true,
 ' By those who with nice scruples view,

¹ The well-known proverb of the revered Founder of Winchester College :—

' MANNERS make the Man,

' Says WILLIAM of WICKHAM.'

‘ And in a rigid ballance weigh
‘ Whate’er men do, or think, or say,
‘ Of things like these the real use,
‘ What moral good they can produce,
‘ And whether manners can confer
‘ A sterling worth on character?
‘ The first of Bards will answer well,
‘ That, if they do with virtue dwell,
‘ They virtuous are, and form a part
‘ Of whatsoe’er improves the heart.¹
‘ To merit have they no pretence
‘ If they can please with innocence?
‘ To wealth and rank, if they supply
‘ Superior form and dignity?
‘ If they with more attractive charm,
‘ The power of native beauty arm?

‘ Let these reflections be impress’d,
‘ As Reason dictates, on your breast.
‘ ’Tis to see manners more refin’d,
‘ ’Tis to adorn your cultur’d mind,
‘ That I conduct you on your way
‘ To splendid courts and cities gay,

¹ To say my wife sings, plays, and dances well,
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

‘ Where men in various fashions drest
‘ You may observe, and chuse the best.
‘ Nature’s sublime, and Art’s proud aim
‘ Of ancient or of modern name,
‘ Will, my hopes tell me, as they ought,
‘ Win the keen eye, and wake the thought :
‘ But your chief aim, to aid my plan,
‘ Must be to view and study man.
‘ You may return to Classic Lore
‘ When you regain your native shore :
‘ ’Tis then you’ll study how to prove
‘ Your duties in the sphere you move :
‘ Whether ambition bid you tower
‘ To gain the high ascent of power,
‘ Or, without wishing to be great,
‘ You live in dignified retreat,
‘ As your wise ancestors have done,
‘ Who thought it happiness to shun
‘ The courtly roofs, nor ever trod
‘ In public Honour’s dang’rous road ;
‘ But, turning from all public strife,
‘ Adorn’d the scenes of private Life.
‘ What, though of ample wealth possess
‘ To shine in Fashion’s gawdy vest,
‘ And every costly joy to buy
‘ That springs from purse-proud vanity,

' Far other pleasures they pursued ;
 ' The luxury of doing good.
 ' Thus they enjoy'd the peaceful reign
 ' Of Virtue, in their own Domain.
 ' They liv'd rever'd, and grateful Fame
 ' For virtuous deeds, records their name.
 ' They had their honour and their state—
 ' But 'twas their goodness made them great :
 ' Their wealth, by reason well employ'd,
 ' Pleasures procur'd that never cloy'd :
 ' No Statesman's skill, no laurels won
 ' Blazon their monumental Stone :
 ' For there these words alone are found,
 ' Thus are their honour'd names renown'd,
 ' A BLESSING TO THE COUNTRY ROUND.

' Thus he to whom you owe your birth,
 ' That Paragon of private worth,
 ' To Dryads and the Sylvan maids
 ' Displays, beneath his native shades,
 ' The manners chaste, the polish'd mien
 ' That in the courtly halls are seen,
 ' Without the proud, fallacious glare,
 ' Form'd to deceive and to ensnare,
 ' Which, ah, too oft inhabit there

‘ How happy he, whose early days,
‘ Cheer’d by the song of well-earn’d praise,
‘ Leave, duly printed on his mind,
‘ A train of virtuous deeds behind,
‘ From whose rich source his memory draws
‘ The grateful meed of self applause.
‘ —But still he lives, and many a year
‘ May he survive the Bark to steer,
‘ In which his darling Son may sail ;
‘ Or blown by every varying gale
‘ To which the canvas is unfurl’d
‘ On the wide ocean of the world ;
‘ Or, flying from the tempest’s strife
‘ On the calm stream of private Life,
‘ To ply with ease the dashing oar,
‘ As his fond Sire has done before.
‘ ’Tis mine the duty to prepare
‘ His HENRY for that future care,
‘ In which Affection’s claims will blend
‘ The FATHER, COUNSELLOR and FRIEND.

‘ Allow a few reflections more,
‘ And my long Lecture will be o’er.

‘ I know the human heart full well,
‘ And can its various issues tell :

‘ I’ve learn’d the art, too seldom known,
‘ To be the master of my own :
‘ Too happy, to my wishes true,
‘ Could I transfer that art to you.
‘ I’ve studied it in every stage—
‘ In Youth, in Manhood, and in Age :
‘ In ev’ry scene, in many a clime
‘ From my life’s gay and smiling prime,
‘ On to these years when call’d to share
‘ Of your young mind the hopeful care.
‘ No Greybeard I, whose Stoic zeal
‘ Sternly forbids the heart to feel :
‘ No—I would wake within the breast,
‘ Those feelings which I think the best.
‘ No whimpering Fanatic, I
‘ Do not to mortal man deny
‘ Those pleasures which to sooth our care
‘ Reason allows us all to share ;
‘ Nor ever will they fail to bless
‘ But when they riot in excess.
‘ The festive mirth, the social hour
‘ Which do not Reason over-power,
‘ Just Heaven to mortals ne’er denies :
‘ ’Tis in excess the error lies.
‘ Your pleasures in that ballance weigh,
‘ Let passion this sure rule obey :

‘ Mock not the privilege that’s given,
‘ And dance, and sing, and go to Heaven.

‘ Such is man’s checquer’d state, my voice
‘ Will only guide you in the choice.
‘ Into the world this maxim bear—
‘ All is not gold that glitters there.
‘ Your’s is the age when outward show
‘ May bid the hasty wish to glow :
‘ The sudden impulse check, nor seize
‘ Th’ allurements gay, howe’er they please,
‘ Unless your mind discerns a prize
‘ Beneath the charms that court your eyes.
‘ Though in your path the thorn is seen,
‘ Though all the turf is dingy green,
‘ And not a rose or floweret shine ;
‘ The dreary soil may hide the Mine.

‘ To that proud scene we now draw near
‘ Where Pleasure’s magic powers rear
‘ Her painted fanes, her gay alcoves,
‘ Where fascinating Fancy roves,
‘ And doth its splendid charms impart
‘ To lure the eye, and cheat the heart.
‘ But ’tis not all enchanted ground :
‘ Learning and Science there are found :

‘ The Arts their rival skill display,
‘ And Taste boasts her superior sway ;
‘ While Virtue, by the Graces drest,
‘ Is often found a welcome guest ;
‘ And may you your best reason use,
‘ What to receive, and what refuse.
‘ Oh shun the dissipating hour,
‘ Join not the song in Syren’s bower ;
‘ But seek th’ enjoyments in whose train
‘ Repentance does not follow pain.
‘ Refuse the cups when Bacchus pours
‘ The juice that Reason’s light obscures ;
‘ But, above all, reject the dice,
‘ The source of every other vice :
‘ Nay, he who to that passion’s prone
‘ Has every vice in that alone.
‘ —Fancy may play her frolic part ;
‘ So be it, so you guard your heart :
‘ To that direct your utmost care.
‘ Let Reason be the watchman there.
‘ Live in the world as others do ;
‘ But every night the day review,
‘ And if a serious thought should say,
‘ You, like a fool, have pass’d to-day,
‘ Console, my Friend, the blushing sorrow,
‘ By chasing Folly from the morrow.

‘ ’Tis now of your superior sense
‘ I ask the boon of CONFIDENCE.
‘ Do not suppose I wish to be
‘ Of your days’ deeds the diary ;
‘ Think not it is my task to pry
‘ Into each casual levity ;
‘ To dwell on errors that may glance
‘ From Virtue’s rich exuberance,
‘ Which, though stern Reason cannot
 love,
‘ It scarce knows how to disapprove,
‘ As the keen head, with all its art,
‘ May be outwitted by the heart.
‘ Take not the fond request amiss,
‘ The boon which I demand—is this :
‘ *What shame would tempt you to
 conceal*
‘ *’Tis that I ask you to reveal.*
‘ No pardon need you to implore,
‘ Reveal the fault ; and ’tis no more.
‘ Then the experience of a friend,
‘ And to no more do I pretend,
‘ May calm your passion’s frantic hour,
‘ If you have yielded to its power,
‘ Or wake the laugh at Folly’s tool,
‘ If you’ve been led to play the fool.

‘ New scenes, and such as will display
‘ Their winning forms and glitter gay,
‘ May dazzle the deluded sense
‘ With splendour and magnificence ;
‘ While frivolous sports and manners light
‘ To painted festivals invite,
‘ Which call the passions into play
‘ And may th’ incautious mind betray :
‘ But should you feel dispos’d to yield,
‘ Think on the foes which lie conceal’d
‘ Amid the wanton, fairy bowers,
‘ And hide their serpent train in flowers.
‘ When you the tempting danger see
‘ That dwells ’mid high-wrought luxury,
‘ Think on your Father, think on me :
‘ Th’ awak’ning thought, howe’er inclin’d,
‘ Will surely disenchant your mind
‘ And set your glowing passions free
‘ From Pleasure’s subtle sorcery.
‘ Employ the short-allotted time
‘ To cull the good of every clime ;
‘ Nay, when you eagerly resort
‘ To where the Graces hold their court,
‘ And while you range the realms of
taste
‘ Let not your virtues run to waste.

‘ —The Spring of Youth, the Morn of Life
 ‘ Rear in our minds the seeds of strife ;
 ‘ Passion with Reason then contends,
 ‘ While on the conquest all depends ;
 ‘ And, be the judgement, false or true, }
 ‘ Life from the colour takes its hue ; }
 ‘ And may the best be found in you.’ }

Thus as he spoke, the wheels advance
 To the gay Capital of France.
 But we shall not its scenes rehearse,
 Nor strive to form a *Guide* in verse.
 —We leave its grandeur and its shows
 To the details of simple prose,
 As in descriptions such as these,
 Verse must resign its power to please ;—
 At least such verse as we can bring,
 That flows not from Pierian spring.
 It will suffice this page to say
 The trav’ller pass’d the busy day,
 Where’er the stately structures rise
 To meet the gazer’s eager eyes,
 The city’s ornament and pride
 Where royalty, and wealth reside ;
 Or where the sculptur’d fountains throw
 Their waters in unceasing flow,



'Tis hop'd, 'midst foreign scenes, some power he'll find
To mend his manners and improve his mind.

And the proud, splendid portals tell
The fate that Gallia's foes befell ;
The Fanes that with each other vie
In solemn pomp of Popery ;
The Schools, where Art its skill displays,
And Science claims the meed of praise ;
And what was rais'd, or left half done
By fell Ambition's fav'rite son,
The vain, the fall'n Napoleon. }
While the domes, by power design'd,
Attract and charm the wand'ring mind,
Around, far other scenes appear
Where Pleasure doth its temples rear ;
And Fancy strains her utmost power
To animate the passing hour,
That the warm senses may employ
That hour in gay, fantastic joy.
—This sober verse, this tranquil strain,
Were it to strive, would strive in
vain
That in its couplets should be shown
The *Caffè* of the *Mille Colonne*.
—The pencil gives a better ken
Of its fair Queen—for ah, no pen
Can paint her glory's grand design;
At least an earth-made pen like mine ;

I therefore leave it as 'tis done,
To the rare skill of ROWLANDSON;
By whose enliv'ning, vivid touch
To which this volume owes so much,
The Lady's splendour will survive
When all her graces cease to live,
And the proud mirrors shall no more
Reflect her beauties ten times o'er;
Or when another takes her chair,
Not half as fat, if half as fair.¹

Our HENRY, though not prone to err
From Honour's perfect character,
Was not without that treach'rous feeling
Which the young heart is known to deal in:
But *St. Foix*, with superior skill,
Shap'd the gay pupil to his will.

¹ *Caffè des Mille Colonnes*, is in the *Palais Royal*, and receives its title from the beautiful gilt columns which are reflected by enormous mirrors, disposed with such skill, that they appear to be at least a thousand. The room presents an overwhelming glare of decoration. The priestess, or rather the divinity of this luxurious temple, is unrivalled among these places of public entertainment, for the charms of her person, the splendor of her dress, and the elegance of her manners. The elevated seat which she occupies was once the Throne of the Viceroy of Italy, and was purchased by the proprietor of the coffee-house for the exorbitant sum of twelve thousand livres.—Planta's *New Picture of Paris*, p. 86.



He pays his lively court, as 'tis the Ton,
To the fat Princess of the mille Colannes.

He ne'er appear'd to be his guide,
For ever dangling by his side,
But left his inclinations free
In all the vast variety.
For which this sumptuous city's known ;
Where the young mind, to pleasure
 prone,
May, at each turn, those pleasures find
That pour delusion on the mind,
And tempt the heedless feet to stray
In Dissipation's flow'ry way :
But when that Dæmon did prepare
The tempting smile, the secret snare,
The vigilant *St. Foix* was there :— }
Not with grave looks and warning word,
Or counsel, mix'd with threats, preferr'd ;
But in an easy, social tone,
That all suspicion would disown ;
Without the seeming ought to know ;
In temperate wit's sarcastic flow,
He check'd the impulse in its way
To lead the yielding heart astray.

With watchful eye, and arts like these,
While he controul'd he sought to please ;

And did the passions so chastise
By Reason's constant exercise,
That never did they overflow
The bounds which Reason's laws
allow.

Vain were th' allurements that invite
In every form of gay delight,—
Where the Enchantress waves her
wand,

And instant, at the dread command,
The Genii of her realms appear,
To attend her fav'rite temple here ;
To waft her sweets, to gild her guile,
To deck the vice with Virtue's smile,
Warm the soft passion, and prepare
For the young mind, the painted snare.

This ordeal pass'd, without delay,
The Travellers pursued their way,
And trac'd the Belgian plains to view
Th' immortal Field of WATERLOO,
Where glory in its splendor shone
Around the brow of WELLINGTON ;
And a new MARLBOROUGH arose
To dash the pride of Britain's foes.

—Brief we must be :—Two years or more
Were now employ'd in passing o'er,
On knowledge and improvement bent,
The countries of the Continent.
They climb'd the Alps, whose craggy
height

Defies the eagle's daring flight ;
Then sought, with an enchanted eye,
The lovely realms of Italy.

—Here the Muse might, if she were mine,
Present an offering to the shrine
Of ancient Rome, and bend her knee,
With pious vows, to Liberty.

Here, in her glowing numbers, tell
How Tully spoke, how Cæsar fell.

Or court the fancy's fairy power
And ask a wreath of every flower
To perfume the immortal fame

That grateful lives in Virgil's name.

For Horace too she would entwine

The verdant ivy with the vine,

And roses drown in bowls of wine. }

But mine's an handmaid of the Muse,

That will all lofty flights refuse :

No lyre has she, her humble reed

Dares not to tell heroic deed,

And only tunes the joy or strife
Of homely scenes and private life.
She joins not the Parnassian chime :—
To clothe her moral prose in rhyme,
Is all her power, is all her aim ;
Contented, if allow'd the claim,
'Tis all she asks as a reward,
For her earth-born, unlaurell'd Bard.
Her Pegasus, of mortal breed,
Is no impetuous winged steed,
But train'd to take a common track,
Though not high bred, a decent hack :
For this same nag, will, free from trouble,
Amble along, and carry double.
Thus ROWLANDSON holds tight the bit,
While I upon the crupper sit.
I follow as he's pleas'd to guide ;
Each, in his place, we onward ride,
And, or in picture, prose, or song,
As friends should do, we pace along ;
Keep our young Trav'ller in view,
And thus his measur'd route pursue :
But, though its wide extent embrace
Half Europe's ever varying space,
We are compell'd, as we have done,
To let our Hero travel on ;

View cities, courts, and all the show
Which Art and Nature can bestow ;
But cannot on descriptions dwell,
As we have better things to tell :
To other points we must attend,
And bring him to his journey's end.

CHAPTER VI

THE RETURN

As they stretch'd onward o'er the plains
Where proud, Imperial Austria reigns,
And were pursuing their design
To view the beauties of the Rhine,
Fate said, they must no farther roam :
A mournful summons call'd them home.
Our *Henry's* honour'd Father lay,
Stretch'd on his sickly bed a prey
To dire disease, whose mortal strife
Wag'd a fierce, threatening war with Life.
Sir William wish'd to see his Son
Before the work of Death was done :
'Twould calm his pains and sooth his heart
If Heaven would grant him to impart,
With fond Affection's wak'ning power,
The counsels of a dying hour ;
To give him, as he clos'd his race,
A farewell blessing and embrace.

From rising to the setting Sun,
 With ceaseless haste, they travell'd on.
 Nor did they stop—but, when opprest,
 Nature implor'd an hour of rest.
 —But Death will not for trav'lers wait ;
 The arrow sped that, wing'd by Fate,
 Ne'er fails to reach its destin'd aim,
 And leaves of Life an empty name.
 The best of Fathers was no more, }
 And all the Funeral dirges o'er }
 E'er they beheld the British shore. }

HENRY to tenderness was fram'd, }
 And when the sad event was nam'd, }
 The bursting tears his Grief proclaim'd : }
 While, as the waters fill'd his eye,
 The pallid look, the heaving sigh,
 Display'd that poignancy of grief
 Which spurns each offer of relief,
 And seem'd to yield up all controul
 O'er the strong workings of his soul.
 —He would not on the maxim rest,
 That what Heav'n does is for the best :
 He ask'd not Reason to supply
 A philosophic remedy :

Nay, his rack'd feelings seem'd to shun
Devotion's cry,—‘Thy will be done.’
—His heart was kind but, strongly mov'd,
No common force of passion prov'd.
Here was his fault :—each tender sense
Was prone to sudden violence ;
No happy medium they pursued :—
Though yet they tended all to good,
They would with equal force betray,
If they should take a different way.
A glance from the paternal eye
Would check the warm infirmity,
While the submission did not prove
A painful fear, but duteous love.

St. Foix, who knew his Pupil well,
Refrained as yet, his thoughts to tell.
His caution did not silence break,
But waited for that hour to speak ;
When, with a cool and friendly art,
He might, at once, indulge the heart,
And call in Reason to his aid,
To give due force to what he said.
—The honour'd Parent was remov'd,
Whose looks, though clad in smiles reprov'd ;

And, uttering not a word of blame,
To call forth penitence or shame,
When his Boy's mind was prone to riot,
Could keep each strong emotion quiet.
But now, the wise Corrector gone, }
The sprightly Heir, thus left alone, }
Might spurn all dictates but his own. }
Now, by the stroke of Death set free,
He's left in perfect liberty ;
Without a Father's guiding hand,
With flowing wealth at his command,
With every pleasure flitting round,
In every voice a flatt'ring sound ;
And just at that alarming age
When as a bird, escap'd the cage,
Spreads the light wing and hastes to seize
Each object that is form'd to please,
Nor thinks the fruit that seems so fair,
Hides, in its leaves, a secret snare.

St. Foix well knew the dang'rous state
That did on the young *Henry* wait.
He saw the tumult that oppress'd
Or rather rag'd within his breast,
And therefore left it to subside
As time might cool, or reason guide.

He watch'd the hour when *Henry's* mind
To grave remonstrance was inclin'd
And in a patient state to hear
A voice that Wisdom might revere.
Th' occasion came, and MENTOR thus
Address'd the young TELEMACHUS.

‘ Think not, my Friend, that all is gone :
‘ Beneath the monumental stone
‘ Your Father sleeps, but still there lives
‘ Another parent, who survives,
‘ Your duties, and your cares to claim ;
‘ She bears a Mother's tender name.
‘ Her sorrows must to you be known,
‘ And you will share them as your own.
‘ In one lamented loss you join :
‘ Your tears are her's—her tears are thine.
‘ Does not her widow'd Form arise
‘ To call fresh streamlets to your eyes ?
‘ From memory's dawn, until this hour
‘ When the dark clouds of sorrow lour,
‘ Is there a moment mark'd by time
‘ From cradled cries to manhood's prime,
‘ In which her love did not impart
‘ The grateful feeling to your heart ?

‘ Does not your fancy seem to hear
‘ Her accents whisper’d in your ear,
‘ And while the tears gush down her cheek
‘ Do you not think you hear her speak?
‘ *Your Father, and my Husband’s gone*
‘ *But still there’s left a darling son :*
‘ *And all my hope of future joy,*
‘ *I have none else—are in my Boy.*
‘ Are you not, then, resolv’d to give
‘ That joy while Heaven shall bid her live?
‘ She was your honour’d Father’s pride,
‘ And from the hour she was his bride
‘ But once he griev’d her,—when He died. }
‘ The happiest pair of human kind !
‘ In them was all that grace combin’d,
‘ Which could to every virtue give
‘ A bright example how to live.
‘ If on the sacred word we rest,
‘ And who denies the high behest? }
‘ He in the regions of the blest,
‘ The mighty power of Death subdued,
‘ Enjoys the glories of the good :—
‘ While she remains your love to share,
‘ And find your happiness her care.
‘ She lives, I fondly hope, to view
‘ His virtues all reviv’d in you.

‘ Be this your object, this your pride ;—
‘ O let her wishes be your guide !
‘ For while her HENRY she approves,
‘ His Life must be what Virtue loves.’
—These well-fram’d counsels gave relief,
And sooth’d the fervor of his grief.

Thus as they sat in solemn guise,
The native Mansion met their eyes ;
And, as the scene their thoughts explore
The whirling wheels the trav’lers bore
In rapid motion to the door. }
Here HENRY saw his Mother stand ;
Grief fill’d her eye,—joy wav’d her hand :
A widow she, all woe begone,
But still she saw her only Son :
He moaning a fond Father’s care ;
But still he saw his Mother there.
—She twin’d her arms around his neck,
And sigh’d as if her heart would break ;—
But still her welcome offspring press’d
With rapture to her beating breast :
For what was lost, and what was given,
She bow’d, and offer’d praise to Heaven.
—This conflict sad ’tween joy and grief,
Found, in fond speech, a kind relief.



The widow'd Mother hastens forth to meet
Her Son, Sir Henry to his ancient Seat.

1

2

—At length he spoke—‘Twill be my pride
To take my Mother for my guide :
Of a fond Father thus bereft,
Thank Heaven, I have a Mother left ;
And while she lives, no other care
Shall duty’s warm endearments share.’
—Such was the promise he preferr’d ;
And, better still,—he kept his word.

Sir WILLIAM, when his end drew nigh,
And Nature told him he must die,
Felt that no duty was undone
But his last counsels to his SON.
These he employ’d, with holy care,
His closing period to prepare ;
And LADY GRACE, by his command,
Gave them to HENRY’s trembling hand :
When, with pale look, and solemn dread,
He took the roll, and thus he read.

‘ E’er you this sacred gift receive
‘ Your Father will have ceas’d to live :
‘ I’m hast’ning fast unto the Bourn
‘ From which no Trav’ler can return :
‘ But e’er I to the Tomb depart,
‘ I write the counsels of my heart,

‘ And my last prayer devotion pours,
‘ That they may be engrav’d on your’s.
‘ —Instructions sage refine the soul
‘ Conveying inward, as they roll,
‘ Impulse to Virtue, and impart
‘ What guides the mind and forms the heart.
‘ When morals fail, what stains disgrace
‘ The honours of the noblest race ;
‘ For what are laws unless obey’d
‘ By the same virtues they were made.
‘ When Life is view’d with all its cares,
‘ When we feel what our nature shares,
‘ The truth strikes home upon the mind,
‘ That happiness is not design’d
‘ For this uncertain, transient state :
‘ Man should be good, and may be great ;
‘ But perfect joy is only given
‘ To be the inhabitant of Heaven.
‘ What pleasures does the world hold forth ?
‘ What is the gawdy nonsense worth,
‘ Which Fashion and gay Fortune weave
‘ The idle moments to deceive !
‘ What is it but a meteor’s blaze
‘ That onward darts, and never stays ?
‘ A vapour, rising in the air,
‘ And soon is lost dissolving there ;—

' A bubble, swelling in the stream,
 ' That bursts while glitt'ring in the beam ;—
 ' A spider's web, that treach'rous snare,
 ' Which e'en the slightest touch will tear !
 ' —In Spring, cold Winter melts away ;
 ' The Spring is lost in Summer's ray :
 ' The Summer wastes in Autumn's reign,
 ' And hoary Winter comes again.
 ' The Moon renews her borrow'd light,
 ' And when Life's day sinks into night,
 ' Where all the rich, the great are laid
 ' We're nought but ashes and a shade :¹
 ' To Time all mortal things must bow—
 ' HENRY will be what I am now.
 ' Your cheeks e'er hollow wrinkles seize,
 ' E'er their bright, rosy bloom decays,
 ' While youth yet rolls its vital flood,
 ' Learn to be virtuous—to be good.

¹ *Frigora mitescunt Zephyris : ver proterit Æstas,
 Interitura, simul
 Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit ; et mox
 Bruma recurrit iners.
 Damna tamen celeres reparant celestia Lunæ :
 Nos ubi decidimus
 Quò pater Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
 Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

HOR., *Od.* iv. 7.

‘ He is most happy, who can say
‘ To Virtue, I have liv’d to-day,
‘ And then, to baffle future sorrow,
‘ Resolves to live the same to-morrow.
‘ —Rest not on happiness below,
‘ For Man must have his share of woe :
‘ His lot distinct from brutes appears
‘ Less by his laughter than his tears.
‘ The famous Fabulist of old,
‘ Who so much wisdom did unfold,
‘ That lively, gay, instructor sage,
‘ Who held a glass for every age,
‘ Has said, in his fictitious way,
‘ That when Prometheus mix’d the clay
‘ To make the human form appear,
‘ He moisten’d it with many a tear.
‘ But Heaven is ever just and wise
‘ In all man’s checquer’d destinies.
‘ Though Virtue’s steps may lead to pain,
‘ And vexing Fortune’s fretful reign ;
‘ Yet, though she moves ’mid scenes of woe,
‘ Amid the thorns the roses blow,
‘ Which, when the wintry sorrow’s past,
‘ Will still in bloom and beauty last.
‘ —With wisdom then thy heart relieve
‘ Whene’er that heart finds cause to grieve ;

‘ With wisdom drawn from sacred lore
‘ And sages fam’d in days of yore.
‘ Nor seek the letter’d page alone ;
‘ By calming many a bitter moan
‘ In other breasts, appease your own. }
‘ With pleasure, by good sense refin’d,
‘ Unbend the labours of the mind.
‘ Without enthusiastic zeal,
‘ Let piety its deeds reveal :
‘ Let your devotion pure belie
‘ Each symptom of hypocrisy :
‘ From Charity let offerings flow
‘ Without a wish the poor should know
‘ The hand that does the boon bestow. }
‘ Humility, in every state,
‘ Will make us good, will make us great ;
‘ For real greatness does not spring
‘ From titles vain or earthly thing :
‘ By Virtue’s power alone is given
‘ The true Nobility of Heaven.
‘ —Contentment, to our lot confin’d,
‘ Is the true wisdom of the mind ;
‘ And when our passions are subdu’d,
‘ Truth will aver that we are good.
‘ —Shun Gaming, that most odious vice :
‘ Trust not to cards ;—detest the dice :

‘ Look at your woods that crown the glade,
‘ In the proud stateliness of shade :
‘ By one unlucky, treacherous main
‘ They may lie prostrate on the plain.
‘ —Turn from the Syren’s painted joy
‘ That only tempts thee to destroy :
‘ Health, Honour, Virtue, Fortune fly
‘ Where she displays her Sorcery.

‘ Chaste woman is life’s greatest treasure :
‘ Make her thy joy, but not thy pleasure :
‘ Howe’er array’d in Beauty’s charms
‘ Yield not to passion’s wild alarms :
‘ Let reason guide thee to her arms. }
‘ All that the tender sex supplies
‘ Ingratitude alone denies.
‘ Without their aid Life’s earliest breath
‘ Would be but the sad sigh of death :
‘ And ’tis their various charm that cheers
‘ The current of Life’s riper years :
‘ From them each tender care is found,
‘ When Death prepares the fatal wound.
‘ These truths I’ve felt, I dare avow,
‘ Throughout my Life,—and feel them now.
‘ Thy MOTHER will the example prove,
‘ And shew you what you ought to love.

' To duty and affection true,
' Keep her for ever in thy view.
' From the world's foul contagion free,
' *Love her* ;—and oh,—*Remember me.*
' —Heaven, in its goodness, ever wise,
' Keeps from the ken of human eyes,
' What lives in future destinies. }
' But use the present as 'tis given :
' BE GOOD—and leave the rest to HEAVEN.

' Eternal Lord of Life and Death !
' To thee I yield my parting breath !
' Grateful that I possess the power
' To sanctify this awful hour :—
' Grateful for thy protecting care
' I offer up my dying prayer.
' That my weak voice was us'd to raise
' Its humble hymnings to thy praise,
' For all thy mercies free bestow'd,
' When Life with health and vigour
glow'd,
' Strengthens my hope when thus I lay,
' Expecting Death to seize its prey ;
' And bids me dare address thy throne
' To ask thy mercies for my Son :—
' And may thy Holy Will be done !' }

HENRY awhile in silence stood ;
 Awhile indulg'd the solemn mood :—
 Then read and wept, and read again ;
 Nor did he read or weep in vain.
 'Twas not a bursting, transient sorrow
 That comes to-day and goes to-morrow :
 His Father's words, and thus addrest,
 Fix'd a firm purpose in his breast.
 He vow'd that it should be his pride
 To take that paper for his guide ;
 That its wise counsels should prevail
 Till reason or till life should fail.

Sir HENRY, as already told,
 Was fram'd not in a common mould ;
 To honour's laws was ever true,
 Nor shunn'd what duty bade him do.
 Calm to resolve, his steady mind,
 When once to well-weigh'd views inclin'd,
 Fail'd not in one strait line to move
 Of friendship, duty, and of love,
 As many a future verse will prove. }
 —But yet no friend possess'd his heart,
 Nor there had Love transfix'd a dart :
 Duty was all he now would own, }
 Clad in affection it was shown,
 Without a moment's pause, to one, }

His widow'd Mother : she possess'd
Each feeling of his virtuous breast.
His thoughts no worldly passion mov'd,
The life she led, that life he lov'd :
To sooth her care he ever plied
His studious moments by her side ;
And many a month they liv'd alone,
A widow'd wife, a faithful son.

—*St. Foix*, to every purpose just,
Resign'd with pride his sacred trust :
He had his interests to pursue,
And long ago had said adieu.

GRANNY was gone, and round her tomb
The summer flowers were seen to bloom.

—Though GRAVELY came when he was able,
To court the Knight, and bless the table :
When he would keenly quote the page
Of Roman or of Grecian sage.

The only sport Sir HENRY woo'd
To recreate his solitude,
Was, when the Sun bedeck'd the morn,
To chase the deer with hound and horn.
But, while the hunters' cries resound
To urge the clamours of the hound,
While the loud joys the echos bear,
And he was lost to every care,

Amid th' harmonious din, his breast
Receiv'd an unsuspected guest :
For Cupid, from some bowery tree,
Display'd his cunning archery :—
The shaft, purloin'd from CÆLIA's eyes,
Swift to its destin'd object flies :
The dart, with Love's soft venom arm'd,
The gentle HENRY's bosom warm'd.
—CÆLIA, a tender mother lost,
Was now a jovial father's boast :
A NIMROD he, but feeble grown,
No more was as a sportsman known ;
But, till the gout assum'd its reign,
He led the chase on every plain ;
And now, proclaim'd, in bursts of glee,
His daughter's feats of chivalry,
And thought all titles ought to yield
To CÆLIA, DIAN of the field :—
Nor did the Sylvan goddess bear
A mind more chaste, a form more fair.
The bashful blood adorn'd her cheek,
The auburn tresses cloath'd her neck,
And Beauty's queen, with all her guile,
Could not surpass her cherub smile.
Her dulcet voice, her winning air
Might tempt a hermit from his prayer.

No daring Amazon was she,
But clad in gay simplicity :
Nor was she wanting in each grace,
That mark'd the Heiress of a race
Whose lineage long had borne the name
Of many a knight and noble dame :
While her enliven'd form enshrin'd
The sense and lustre of the mind.
—When HENRY, with his sporting train,
Enjoy'd the pleasures of the plain,
It happen'd oft the lovely fair
Appear'd like a Diana there.
And now it was his constant pride
To gallop on by CÆLIA's side :
To guide her through each dubious course,
Or check the ardor of her horse ;
While she in spirits brisk and gay,
Follow'd where'er he led the way.
She first his admiration mov'd,
But 'twas not long before he lov'd.
When the chase paus'd, or it was o'er,
And hounds and horns were heard no more,
They on their breathing horses sat,
And join'd in sentimental chat ;
Nor did he fail in gallant state,
T' escort her to her mansion gate.

—My muse, an half-bred, honest jade,
Unknowing in the tricks of trade,
Would often to my pen reveal
What real muses would not tell ;
At least their secrets would confine
To a more high-ton'd lyre than mine.
She told me that in CÆLIA's heart
Cupid had also plac'd a dart,
Which, though not tipt with sleepless anguish,
Caus'd her fine azure eyes to languish ;
And heighten'd every native grace
When the horn summon'd to the chase :
Nay, it was thought, the country round,
That the young Knight a bride had found.

Each wish that HENRY e'er possess'd
Was pour'd into his mother's breast :
He, therefore, fail'd not to impart
The secret of his captur'd heart.
—Poor *Lady Grace*, whose health declin'd
Was, to the will of Heaven resign'd :
For she foreboded as it prov'd,
That she should shortly be remov'd ;
Nor did her spirit fear the doom
To join her husband in the tomb.

She had of Heaven one boon to crave,
E'er she descended to the grave,
Which was, to see her HENRY join'd
To one, whose graces, virtues, mind,
Were such as CÆLIA's self possess'd.
Oft she exclaimed—' Were I so bless'd,
' All other earthly hopes would cease,
' And I should then depart in peace.
' The sacred bond of wedded love
' Would my dear HENRY's Saviour prove ;
' And, from the world's delusive ways,
' Preserve him through his future days.
' Alone, what fortune he may find
' With his warm heart and active mind ;
' If left alone, what secret snares
' The world for that dear Boy prepares
' Alarms my thoughts ; while to my fears,
' The world with all its wiles appears.
' His Father's dying words declar'd,
' That all the blessings he had shar'd ;
' Each evil he had set at nought,
' And the good deeds which he had wrought,
' With all the virtues Heaven bestow'd,
' He to an earthly Hymen owed.
' To honour, and to virtue true,
' May HENRY the same path pursue.'

—Thus pass'd she many an anxious hour :
What wonder then when Hymen's bower
Seem'd in the distant view to rise
That tears of joy burst from her eyes !
What wonder her impatient voice
Besought him to secure his choice ;
Nor let his proffer'd love to stay
Another hesitating day.
' Employ,' she said, ' to-morrow's sun—
' I breathe not till the deed is done.'

The morrow was the hunting morn,
And Phœbus did the hills adorn :
The hunters met, the sport to share,
And the lov'd CÆLIA too was there.
She smil'd, nor did SIR HENRY fear
To tell his wishes in her ear.
He lur'd her to the verdant glade,
And 'neath the beeches' spreading shade,
He told his tale : Auspicious she
Thus answer'd in soft sympathy.
' Let but my father hear your claim,
' He loves your virtues and your name :
' When once to him your heart is known
' Th' obedient CÆLIA is your own.'



The Hounds the flying Stag pursue :
But Dian does the Hunting rue.

—'Twas all he wish'd : and now the deer
Pass'd swiftly by : the hunters cheer
With joy tumultuous, and the gale
Breathes harmony throughout the vale ;
While, with the clamours of the hound,
The forests and the hills resound.

CÆLIA's impatient courser, bred
To the swift chase, threw up his head
And paw'd the ground : with redd'ning
eyes

And ears erect, away he flies :
No fears within her breast prevail
Though down the hill or o'er the dale :
Though stretching by the green-wood's side,
Or where the pebbly streamlets glide
He push'd his course : but sad to tell,
His feet gave way, he fiercely fell.
The lovely maid was rudely thrown,
The spot was thick with pointed stone,
And on her forehead, white as snow,
Death gave the inevitable blow.

In one sad moment life was past :
The stroke was struck, she breath'd her last.

Dim was the lustre of her eye,
Pale was her cheek of rosy dye,
And set her teeth of ivory. }

—Here I shall leave the heart to feel
What my weak numbers cannot tell.

SIR HENRY, with distracted mien,
Awhile hung o'er the dismal scene,
What though his heart with anguish bled,
As he beheld his CÆLIA dead ;
While in pale silence he survey'd
The havoc Death of beauty made,
With an alarming sorrow fraught,
His mother press'd upon his thought.
' How can I force myself to go
' And tell her such a tale of woe,
' When she does her fond hopes employ
' To hear th' expected tale of joy !
' What will that angel woman feel
' When I this dismal scene reveal ?
' How can I make these horrors known
' To save her heart, and calm my own ?
' How will her weak, decaying frame
' Sink at the sound of CÆLIA's name ?
' What will distraction let me do !
' Reason is lost in the review
' Of the sad changes of the hour
' Which robs reflection of its power.

‘ O what a world of pain is here !
‘ Nor does one glimm’ring ray appear,
‘ With its faint beam, the gloom to cheer. }
‘ Benignant Heaven, receive my prayer !
‘ O give me strength this hour to bear ;
‘ And grant my steps may pass secure
‘ Through the fierce ordeal I endure.’

Now, as he took his slow way home,
Foreboding troubles yet to come,
In his afflicted mind he weigh’d
The various modes might be essay’d
To blunt the sharpness of the dart
Which soon must pierce his mother’s heart :
But the sad story did not wait
Till he had reach’d his mansion gate ;
On a swift pinion it had flown
To LADY GRACE th’ event was known :
She fainted, sigh’d, at length she wept,
And then repos’d as if she slept :
When all her anxious cares were o’er,
She slept, alas, to wake no more.
—SIR HENRY’S heart was apt to melt
At any woe which others felt :
For ’till this hour he had not known
Any deep sorrow of his own.

But now no words express'd his grief ;
No bursting tears afford relief :
The spectre of a murder'd man,
In fancy's eye, so pale and wan,
Displays his picture as he stood,
By this so sudden stroke subdu'd.
His mind receiv'd a dead'ning wound
That did each active sense astound.
With languid step, and shorten'd breath,
He now drew nigh the couch of death ;
There silent stood like one amaz'd,
As on the breathless form he gaz'd
Of her who had so lately press'd
The happy HENRY to her breast.
O what a doleful change was there :
What sorrow did each visage wear !
The tears now flow'd from every eye,
And every bosom heav'd a sigh ;
While he, who felt the deepest woe,
Could not persuade one tear to flow.
Sleep fled his lids ; and, like a sprite,
He pac'd the gallery through the night ;
But wearied nature sought repose,
And sacred reason sooth'd his woes.
—The mournful dirges now remain'd
And e'en that trial he sustain'd,

Till from the tower death's iron tongue
With awful sound, its summons rung ;
And, as it paus'd, the distant bell
Threw to the gale his *Cælia's* knell.

These lovely women, in one hour,
Yielded to Death's insatiate power ;
And the same evening's awful gloom
Consign'd them to the silent tomb.

This unexpected signal shook
His firm resolve : nor could he brook
The two-fold sorrow.—Many a day
His manly spirits were the prey
Of deep dejection ; which was fed
By the secluded life he led.

—His father's good old neighbours came
With kind condolance : some to blame
His yielding mind ; while others strove,
With livelier thoughts, their wish to prove ;
And urg'd him to those pastimes gay
Which gild the country 'Squire's day.

But still they all one counsel gave,
To play the man, nor be a slave
To thoughts which would a woman shame :
Or they united to exclaim,

' Stay, stay not here, with haggard mien :

' Go, seek the world, and change the scene ;

‘ With fortune, figure, talents blest,
‘ Fear not ; for TIME will do the rest.’
‘ —This may be right,’ Old Gravely said,
But added, as he shook his head,
‘ Where’er you go, my generous Friend,
‘ May Providence your steps attend :
‘ But keep your Father in your mind,
‘ *Nor leave his dying words behind.*’

CHAPTER VII

FASHIONABLE LIFE

THE KNIGHT, who found he reap'd no good
From this same life of solitude,
Rush'd to the world, as in despair,
In hope to find a cordial there.
The world receiv'd him as its guest,
And soon display'd th' alluring feast,
Where splendid dissipation reigns,
To prove a cure for all his pains :
There, with impetuous haste he found
What all his sorrows quickly drown'd :
Sad recollections soon were o'er,
And HENRY was himself no more.
Wealth, figure, fashion all combin'd
To change the texture of his mind.

While every passion was awake
Doubtful which flow'ry path to take,

The first his fancy seiz'd was TASTE,
Impure to-day—to-morrow chaste,
And oft has brought great wealth to waste. }
His eager wish the Phantom caught,
And thus the willing votary taught.
' —Your park is fine, in sylvan pride
' The noble woods stretch far and
wide,
' And fringe the lawns with ample shade,
' While verdure freshens every glade.
' The Lake, whose waters ne'er o'erflow,
' Brightens the vale that's seen below.
' The Doric porch, the column's height,
' And castle tower enchant the sight,
' While the whole offers to the eye
' More than Arcadian scenery.
' But then the HOUSE distracts the view,
' A structure strange, half old, half new :
' The *old* is but a cumb'rous pile,
' The *new* is in a wretched style ;—
' 'Tis my advice, the place to crown,
' Without delay to pull it down
' And build anew : a structure rear
' That may in graceful state appear,
' Not simply plain, not idly great,
' But such as suits your country seat ;



As the first step in folly's wanton waste,
He pulls his mansion down, to shew his taste.

‘ Such as your rank and wealth demands,

‘ The work of no inferior hands ;

‘ Where use and elegance combine,

‘ Where attic symmetry may join,

‘ To form a grand, and chaste design.’ }
—Thus spoke the power : the eager Knight

Seiz’d the idea with delight.

‘ O charming, lively Sprite,’ he said,

‘ Thy every wish shall be obey’d.’

When lo ! the Architects appear,

With anxious hope, the pile to rear :

The masons shout, the sculptors bend,

The artists and their arts attend ;—

All preparation’s duly made,

And the first stone in pomp is laid.

PALLADIO and VITRUVIUS groan

Beneath the enormous weight of stone :

The walls ascend, the columns rise

Of every order, every size ;

TASTE rules the work—the money flies. }
‘ But while the building’s going on,’

Sir HENRY asks, ‘ What’s to be done ? ’

FASHION replies—‘ What others do ’ :

And then discovers to his view,

In gay and fanciful parade,

The ball, the rout, the masquerade :

The four-in-hand, the lounging hours,
The tonish club, the tempting bowers
Where Beauty, free from Love's alarms,
To the best bidder sells her charms.
' Or when you 're tir'd of the town
' Newmarket's interesting Down
' May change the scene : in short, my wand
' Will conjure up, at your command,
' Whate'er the varying will may chuse,
' Time's certain progress to amuse.
' —Thus, when five years, or so, are o'er,
' And my vagaries please no more,
' By that time your fine country seat
' Will, in its splendor, be compleat ;
' And, having spent your youthful fire,
' There in calm dignity retire.
' And, when you 've wedded some fair dame,
' Of noble stock and titled name,
' With wealth to rub out every score,
' You 'll think of me and mine no more ;
' But, 'midst your num'rous acres great,
' In all the pomp of rural state,
' You undisturb'd may pass your days
' In all the pride of rural praise.
' Proud of your kennel and your stable,
' With num'rous offspring round your table,

‘ Your neighbours all you may outvie
‘ In jovial hospitality.
‘ As from your hall-door may be shown
‘ A country wide, and all your own ;
‘ You will a first-rate place command
‘ Among the gentry of the land ;
‘ And, e’er you close Life’s fair career,
‘ Who knows but you may be a Peer.’

This lavish scheme not only pleas’d,
But was with instant ardor seiz’d ;
And soon or late the verse may tell
What good or ill the Knight befel.
Impetuous in every plan,
To the extreme of all he ran.
A house was bought in Portman Square,
And soon each luxury was there :
With all that furnish’d a pretence
To sanctify profuse expence.
Thus *Fashion*, as the story tells,
Bedeck’d him with a cap and bells :
For oft, although of different name,
Folly and *Fashion* are the same.
Hence he was shortly seen to own
The most compleat *stage-coach* in town ;

And when were four such horses seen,
 As he drove over *Turnham Green*.
 But though each trick he had been shown
 By three mail coachmen and his own ;
 He ne'er was able to command
 In a right style, his four-in-hand.
 Nay, by some wry and awkward hitch
 He threw a gig into a ditch—
 Shatter'd the chaise, and hurt the horse,
 And, which by some was thought still worse,
 Broke Mr. FIG the Grocer's leg,
 And spoil'd the shawl of daughter PEG.
 To hush it up, the following day,
 He had five hundred pounds to pay.
 Nor was this all—on *Hounslow's* plain,
 Sharing the glory of the train,
 He was o'erturn'd—and his disgrace
 Furnish'd a hoaxing, sly grimace
 To all the stage and hackney race. }
 He heard the Quiz, '*an awkward Feller,*'
 Whene'er he pass'd the White-horse Cellar ;
 And felt at length the silly pride
 A mere stage coach with skill to guide : }
 He therefore laid that scheme aside.
 Splendor and Figure now succeed
 An higher vanity to feed :



Of four in hand he joins the vulgar rage,
Wields the long Whip, and overturns a Stage.

And soon he drove, an *Hyde-Park* SWELL,
His *Arabs* in a curricule ;
Or his bright bays, in whirling state,
Who each of them had won a plate.
In the first stile the Knight appear'd,
Where'er the TON its standard rear'd,
With all that money could supply
For figure, show, and luxury.

—A thought upon his fancy stole,
That a fair bride would crown the whole.

' O fie,' said Fashion, ' prithee stay,
' And that so serious point delay,
' Which, when once done, is done for aye :
' Nor can my changeful power unloose,
' Howe'er it frets, the livelong noose ;
' Which, if my aid is ask'd to alter,
' I can but recommend a halter.
' When a few years are gone and o'er,
' And the world's pastimes please no more ;
' When Duns encrease, and Lawyers
 threat,
' And Parliament screens not from debt ;
' When Fortune plays her scurvy tricks
' On a rich wife you then may fix :
' When every other plan miscarries,
' I do not blame the man who marries.

‘ Scout not the doctrine which I deal in :
‘ The child of Fashion laughs at feeling :
‘ The Heart, on my gay pleasures bent,
‘ Disdains all fine-spun sentiment.
‘ Conscience, my boy, has nought to do
‘ With such a votary as you :
‘ I mean the formal, busy thing
‘ That’s given to secret whispering ;
‘ Which has one morn and evening song,
‘ Whose burthen is— *You’re doing wrong.*
‘ *Honour*, indeed, must be your pride,
‘ And its known rules your constant guide ;
‘ A spirit which obeys alone
‘ The praise and censure of the Ton ;
‘ And lives in a continual pother
‘ To avoid the one, and gain the other.
‘ Marry not yet, I do beseech you,
‘ Hymen will surely over-reach you :
‘ But if you will the bondage seek
‘ Prepare to be a *Jerry Sneak* ;—
‘ Or where’s the mighty fame to boast,
‘ I’m married—and I rule the roast ?
‘ You either must submit or hector ;
‘ Then take a frail one and protect her.
‘ The making love’s a silly trade,
‘ When you can find it ready made :

' And what can be a better reason
' Than,—you may change it every season ;
' And, good or bad, you know, a wife
' Is held a Tenement for Life.
' Besides, your mansion's not compleat :
' A wife must have a country seat :
' Stay till you've rear'd that costly pile,
' And please yourself in town the while.'

These hints were fashion'd to agree
With the young Knight's vivacity.
At that same Evening he display'd
His figure at a masquerade :
There, in the motley croud he sought
What FASHION told him might be bought :
A mart where meretricious vice
Sets off her wares at every price.
At length he saw a form as fair
As the young poet's fancies are :
When, fir'd with love, he tries his art
To paint the tyrant of his heart.
A satin vest her shape confin'd
Broider'd with flowers of every kind,
E'en such as *Flora* might have wove,
An offering for the God of Love :

Of tissue were her sandals made,
With bright and spangled spots inlaid :
Behind a robe of saffron flow'd,
Which added grandeur as she trod :
The ringlets of her auburn hair
Adorn her brow, in wanton air,
And o'er her shoulders careless spread ;
While a gay garland crowns her head :
A gauzy veil of rosy hue
Her bosom half expos'd to view,
While a loose, purple mantle tried
To shade the charms it would not hide.
SIR HENRY, struck with so much grace
Ask'd, on bent knee, to see her face :
Vain all the art he could employ ;
To his request the fair was coy.
But, whether with a kind intent,
By stolen force or accident,
The verse does not pretend to tell,
From off her face the vizer fell :
He saw, she conquer'd,—and her power
Made him a slave that very hour.
—The yielding fair one now displays
Her beauties in the costly blaze
Of tonish splendor : Thus ensnar'd
No fondness, no expence was spar'd,



The Gushers drink to Folly's Noose,
When all are small, he's sure to loose.

That proud MARIA might be shown
The finest Demi-rep in Town :
While Bond-street Loungers smile to see
The harlot in a vis-à-vis,
Who whilom, neither clean nor sweet,
Cried Haddocks in that very street.

Thus for three years he danc'd along
To Fashion's gay, deluding song :
Though such the hoarded store that yet
He was not in one Tradesman's debt.
But tir'd of shewing off his graces
In the same way, in the same places,
He took it in his head to play,
As he thought, in a mod'rate way :
The billiard table he preferr'd,
And Fortune, for some time, appear'd
To crown his hopes, as he could boast,
That he had rather won than lost.
But soon his gains grew rather thrifty,
By winning ten and losing fifty.
And here, alas, the treacherous flame
Lit in his heart the love of game ;
When he ambition'd higher deeds :
Newmarket saw his num'rous steeds,

And Racing Calendars proclaim
His new-fledg'd honours and his name :
But they, so deck'd by Hope, appear
To cost him—very, very dear.
With the best Horse and sure to win,
Amid the noisy, clam'rous din
That's heard at ev'ry betting-post ;
Yet, somehow, his fond hopes were cross'd,
And, when th' expecting race was run,
It seldom happen'd that he won.

The Steward, who had never known
His former Master live in town,
But for a hasty month or two,
Could not conceive how money flew
In that gay vortex of expence,
Of folly, and improvidence ;
Though he at length began to fear
The Knight was getting in arrear,
So oft and urgent, was his claim
For money, e'er the rent-day came.
—GRAVELY, though verging to threescore,
Knew of what's call'd the world, no more
Than a young urchin who, at school,
Can just repeat a grammar rule :



The Victim of the Betting Post,
His Bets, as soon as made, are lost.



For the lamenting Doctor thought
A letter, with sage maxims fraught
And warnings kind, at least would prove
A tribute of his grateful love,
If its warm energies should fail
In higher objects to prevail.
He wrote—the Knight ne'er ceas'd to whistle
While he perus'd this wise epistle :
But, as it was in kindness meant,
He frown'd not, but an answer sent
To the good Doctor's homely nieces,
In silks and bonnets, and pelisses ;
With each a mantle, or a shawl,
To stop the old man's tedious brawl.
Thus the good Ladies thought it best
To set their uncle's zeal at rest ;
That silence was the prudent measure ;—
' Why risk so kind a friend's displeasure ?
' Repay his goodness with your prayer,
' And leave him to Heaven's guardian care.'
But that same care he so much wanted
It does not seem that Heaven granted.
—Two years pass'd on and all supplies
His rent-roll, over-drawn, denies ;
Nay, e'en his former friends the Jews,
Another thousand pounds refuse.

His fine town-house must pass away
The Sharper's foul demands to pay :
The country mansion is compleat,
But does not yield a crust to eat ;
An empty pile to greet the eye
Of careless trav'ler passing by.
To quell the Tradesman's daily call
His horses go to *Tattersall* :
And that SIR HENRY was undone,
Becomes the topic of the TON.
When his best friends he chanc'd to meet,
They say—' How do,'—and cross the street :
He finds they every hour decline,
Since they're no longer ask'd to dine.
At length he thinks the world a cheat,
And dives into its deep deceit :
Yet still he boasts one faithful breast,
With whose affection he is blest.

MARIA was the tender Fair
Who would his adverse fortune share ;
And if her smiles should fail to cheer,
Would meet his sorrows with a tear.
—She met him with her usual grace :
The well-known smiles bedeck'd her face,

But he determin'd to await
The morning till he told his fate.
The morning came and common chat
Prevail'd while they at breakfast sat :
But as the Knight, with rueful face,
Had just prepar'd to state his case,
She in a fondling tone began.
'Thou most belov'd and generous
man !
' My Barouche now is three years old,
' A new one in a better mould,
' I must entreat you to provide ;
' For I'm asham'd, my Love, to ride }
' In such a shabby thing : beside,
' There's SOPHY BRASS, who you'll agree,
' Is nothing, when compar'd to me,
' Has a new carriage all so gay,
' In which she daily shews away :—
' And shall a Banker's trull outdo
' The friend of such a man as you.
' Believe me, I shall make a stir,
' If I'm to be out-shone by her.
' The morning's fine, 'tis charming weather,
' In my old Tub we'll go together
' And call at *Hatchet's* ; his great trade
' May furnish one that's ready made ;

‘ Or tell him, e’er a month is o’er,
 ‘ To bring a new one to my door.’
 —As he pull’d on his boots he sigh’d,
 And with embarrass’d look replied :—
 ‘ As for *Barouches*, be it known
 ‘ I soon, dear Girl, must sell my own :
 ‘ The horses are already gone. }
 ‘ There’s a sad rent in my affairs ;
 ‘ But you, I know, will sooth my cares :
 ‘ Though the world frowns you will beguile
 ‘ My downcast spirits with a smile.
 ‘ Now, till this cloud is past and over,
 ‘ We both must cease to live in clover.
 ‘ With humble stile you’ll be content :
 ‘ Besides, you have your *Settlement*.’
 When redd’ning up, she fiercely said, }
 ‘ And, if it is not duly paid,
 ‘ You, Sir, in *Limbo* shall be laid.’ }
 —The contest warm’d, and words arose
 In all the force of vulgar prose.
 My Muse is chaste, nor can rehearse
 The criminating slang in verse :
 But she may tell,—with vixen grace,
Miss threw the coffee in his face,
 And in her passion’s wild uproar,
 Dash’d the rich Crock’ry on the floor ;



For such a mild and placid dear,
He pays two thousand pounds a year.

11

Then spurn'd him, in the way of trade,
From out the house for which he paid.

In this sad plight what could he do?
At length, a kind, relenting Jew
Furnish'd a sum that, for the hour,
Preserv'd him from the Catchpole's power,
And forwarded his grand intent
To get a seat in Parliament,
When, at his leisure, he might form
Some plan to hush the threat'ning storm ;
Some well-laid, œconomic scheme
That might his former life redeem,
And his derang'd affairs restore
To the full shape they whilom wore.
—For 'tis but right it should be known,
That 'midst the follies he must own,
In passion's unrestrain'd career,
For misery he had a tear,
Nor fail'd a pleasure to receive,
When he forbade the heart to grieve ;
While Friendship found a sure supply
In all his prodigality.
Nay, no small part of his distress
Arose from his desire to bless,
And add to others' happiness. }

In his gay hours he ne'er was seen
Deprav'd in manner, words or mien ;
And, when all reason he outran,
He still retain'd The Gentleman.
Though sometimes hid they were not lost,
Those feelings which were once his boast.
Thus, by the gale of passion blown,
When all his present means were gone ;
When heavy clouds began to lour,
And his heart felt the adverse hour,
Repentance found him well prepar'd
To meet his folly's just reward,
With the firm purpose to redress,
By noble means, his past excess.
Of Heaven he ask'd the strength to bear
The pain he might be doom'd to share,
Till time and patience should restore
His state to what it was before.
—But, to proceed—He now went down
To canvass greedy GRAPPLE TOWN.
'Twas a fierce contest, and the Knight
Saw all his deeds in black and white,
In printed bill or awkward scrawl,
Display'd upon each vacant wall.
The ribbald verse, the angry prose
Did all his spendthrift life expose :



For my own good, and Yours' I'm bent,
My worthy friends, let's vote Parliament.

The hireling songsters, up and down,
Chaunted his frailties through the
town ;

Nor did his party's loud huzzas
That boldly clamour'd forth his praise,
Nor could the smiling salutation
Drive from his heart the keen vexation,
Which, 'mid the hubbub of the day,
Would, to his bosom, force its way,
And e'en, in all his hopes despite,
Destroy the sabbath of the night.

He felt it all, for well he knew
That all they said and sung was true.

—The *Election* o'er, the public voice
Declar'd SIR HENRY was its choice.

He bow'd from his triumphant chair,
And, as the crowd their Fav'rite bear, }
He kiss'd his hand to many a Fair.

Who, from their windows, smil'd to see
Their Hero pass in victory.

—He thought the Election was compleat,
So came to Town and took his seat ;

And, in St. Stephen's Chapel, He
Enjoy'd three months' security :

But charge of Brib'ry being prov'd,
He from his priv'lege was remov'd.

How sad the change ! but I should fail
 In dwelling on the wretched tale :
 The clam'rous Duns, th' Attorney's threat,
 The Catchpoles, who each step beset,
 With all the base outrageous tenders
 Of Usurers and Money-lenders,
 Who shortly forc'd him to retreat
 To the sad refuge of the FLEET.
 —But there, at least, he was alone,
 And though each former friend was flown,
 By no grim threat'ning looks opprest,
 He could hold counsel with his breast.
 Nay, there he first began to think
 He was not on the very brink
 Of utter ruin : He, indeed,
 Thought his affairs might be retriev'd.
 When his long list of debts he read,
 He seem'd on tott'ring ground to tread ;
 But when he turn'd to his estate
 And saw its revenues how great,
 Though little us'd to calculate, }
 The prospect promis'd to display,
 Through the dark clouds, a gleam of day.

That he might instantly pursue
 The plan which started to his view,

Urg'd by that strong, impetuous zeal
Which his warm mind could ne'er conceal,
Whate'er his object or his aim
Or true or false, it was the same,
He summon'd FAITHFUL to attend,
His Steward and his humble Friend ;
Who oft, with anxious heart, had griev'd
At the sad tidings he receiv'd ;
And call'd on his last sands to run
Before Sir HENRY was undone.
He us'd to sit, and sigh, and say,
‘ I rather would be turn'd to clay,
‘ Than live to see that mournful day.’ }
He instantly obey'd the call
Which was receiv'd at *Graceful Hall* ;
For long he had, with ceaseless care,
Watch'd all his Master's interests there.
—In the mean time a Lawyer shrewd,
Who all the law-craft understood,
And more than once, with great success, }
By his *professional Finesse*,
SIR HENRY served in some distress, }
Came to propose his utmost aid
In all the vigour of his trade,
The Knight's condition to relieve,
And ease and liberty to give.

With him he brought a cunning elf,
A wrinkled rascal like himself,
Whom he could warmly recommend
As a most worthy, wealthy friend.
Now as no evil could ensue
From this unlook'd-for interview,
SIR HENRY thought he might as well
Listen to what he had to tell.
OLD CAPIAS then disclos'd his plan,
And thus the conversation ran.
' —Your debts, good Sir, in the account,
' Appear to an immense amount ;
' But you may take my honest word,
' I will reduce them to a third ;
' And, when that's done, I'll find the way,
' In no time, that same third to pay.
' Your *gaming debts* the Statute Laws
' Will settle with one clinching clause ;
' And *Usury* may come in aid
' To save your *Loans* from being paid :
' For your *Annuities* I've a scheme,
' At half their purchase to redeem :
' Those Dealers look with fearful eye
' Upon a *Suit in Chancery*.
' O, hang the Rogues ! one half, at least,
' Of their base claims shall be decreas'd !

‘ Let them do right, or to their sorrow,
‘ I’ll file a dozen bills to-morrow.
‘ Give your instructions, I’ll to work,
‘ And cut and slash like any Turk.
‘ Just sign this parchment, and the Friend,
‘ Who does upon my steps attend
‘ And with great ready wealth abounds,
‘ Will, if you want a thousand pounds
‘ For present use, without more warning,
‘ Furnish the sum to-morrow morning,
‘ While he will to my wishes grant
‘ What money I may chance to want :
‘ Nor shall my honest labours cease
‘ Till we have brought you your release.
‘ —There’s one estate knows no *Entail*,
‘ And that we will put up to sale :
‘ I know its worth, and do aver
‘ I’ve got a ready purchaser.
‘ Your great *Advowson* you may sell,
‘ And there are woods that you can fell,
‘ They’re not quite fit to cut, ’tis true,
‘ But what is that, dear Sir, to you ?
‘ The money which you want, they find ;
‘ Besides, they leave the Land behind ;
‘ The grain will grow where once they stood,
‘ And corn is better far than wood.

‘ The Deed’s in all due form prepar’d,
‘ That nought the bus’ness may retard :
‘ Thus you may in the world appear,
‘ Nor your friends know you have been
here.

‘ —By this same parchment you assign
‘ To me, and this good friend of mine,
‘ All your Estates, and their Arrears,
‘ For the small space of seven years,
‘ With all their rights—in short, the whole
‘ To our full power and controul ;
‘ And all the appurtenances due,
‘ As they are vested now in you ;—
‘ And when that hasty term shall cease,
‘ We will our transient rights release.
‘ You then shall without debts repair, }
‘ To your improv’d possessions there, }
‘ And thank us for our faithful care. }
‘ E’er one short week is gone and o’er
‘ You shall pass through the grated door ;
‘ The social world again shall see
‘ And breathe the air of Liberty.
‘ Then we advise, with best intent,
‘ A visit to the Continent,
‘ Where due allowances shall give
‘ The means, in figure fair, to live :



‘ There at your ease you may remain,
‘ Till we invite you back again.’
—What more the Lawyer had to say
Was interrupted by a fray,
In which a female voice prevail’d
By a rough Turnkey’s tones assail’d.
One of the Jail’s attendant witches
Had just purloin’d a pair of breeches :
One of those washer-women hags
Who, prim’d with gin, and proud in rags,
These scenes of misery infest,
And add distress to the distress.
—SIR HENRY now was heard to say,
‘ Still I am doom’d to be the prey
‘ Of villainy in every form ;
‘ But I will weather out the storm,
‘ And patience, which I so much want,
‘ The powers above I trust will grant.’
CAPIAS lift up his hands and eyes
At such unheard enormities :
And, with new reasons which he drew
From the strange outrage in their view,
He urg’d the Knight to sign the deed
That from this Den he might be freed,
Where every sense must feel and see
A noisome nest of misery.

—SIR HENRY look'd around and sigh'd ;
But still in nervous tones replied :
‘ It is a Den to which no friends
‘ Like DANIEL’S ANGEL e’er descends ;
‘ But, in my breast, to check despair,
‘ An Angel virtue may prepare
‘ Those firm intents, whose power may guide
‘ My passage through the troublous tide,
‘ And, each dark trace of error o’er,
‘ May peace and happiness restore.
‘ Now honest CAPIAS and his Friend
‘ Will to my solemn words attend.
‘ ’Tis true, I have been Folly’s tool ;
‘ But know—that I ’m no more a fool.
‘ I’ve a long path of folly past :
‘ But, CAPIAS, I am wise at last ;
‘ And wisdom, you the truth may trust,
‘ Consists, shrewd Sir, in being just.
‘ What should be done, I sure can do,
‘ Why may I not, as well as you.
‘ —But not an acre will I sell,
‘ No, not an oaken tree, I’ll fell :
‘ My woodlands, an whole cent’ry’s shade,
‘ I ne’er will see a ruin made.
‘ What sell the *Advowson* ? if I do,
‘ I should be mean, and base as you.

‘ No interest shall my mind enslave,
‘ To forfeit the kind word I gave,
‘ Which forc’d a smile of grateful grace
‘ On my old rev’rend Tutor’s face,
‘ That he, in preaching and in prayer,
‘ Should occupy the pulpit there.
‘ O may my heart ne’er cease to ake,
‘ When I that sacred promise break !
‘ Believe me, in this place I’ll stay,
‘ Though it be to the Judgement day,
‘ Till all I owe, I duly pay. }

‘ Your offers, therefore, I decline :
‘ Your time is precious, so is mine :
‘ This curious conclave now is o’er,
‘ And I will show you to the door.’

The Lawyer seem’d dispos’d to stay,
As he had something more to say :
But LEVI whisper’d in his ear,

‘ We have no further bus’ness here’ :
‘ His virtue interrupts our plan ;
‘ That foolish Boy, do all we can,
‘ Will be a wronghead, honest man.’ }

Now, as SIR HENRY ponder’d o’er
What he so oft had thought before,

FAITHFUL arrives, with bow profound :
Then casts his moisten'd eye around,
And, with a feeling of despair,
He sunk with anguish on a chair.

' It is too much,' the good man said,
' That virtue should be so betray'd ;
' That my *Sir William Graceful's* Son
' By a base world should be undone ;
' Should in such misery appear
' As is his sad allotment here !

' I have one offer now to make :
' Refuse it, and my heart will break.
' —From twenty years until threescore,
' It may, indeed, be somewhat more,
' I've serv'd, to all their int'rests
true,

' Your father, grandfather, and you.
' The favour that to me was shown,
' The happy life which I have known,
' Were their kind gifts, and shall I see
' SIR HENRY in adversity ;
' Nor strive, with all my humble power,
' To ease the unexpected hour.
' The store which I have strove to save,
' Their and your bounty kindly gave :
' Let me not take it to my grave !

}

‘ There is no children’s claim to find
‘ What I may chance to leave behind :
‘ Should it be wanted, ’tis your due :
‘ Let me return it then to you.
‘ Your gracious pardon O bestow !—
‘ But may it not be useful now ?
‘ O let me not your bosom wound !
‘ But I have sav’d ten thousand pound,
‘ And which,’————

SIR HENRY

—————‘ Dear FAITHFUL, you impart
‘ A pleasure to my anxious heart,
‘ Which to its painful thoughts a prey,
‘ It has not known full many a day ;
‘ Nor will Heaven grant me time to live,
‘ A measure due of thanks to give.
‘ No, keep your gold, my worthy friend,
‘ And to my solemn words attend.
‘ I want that which no gold can buy,—
‘ Your knowledge and integrity,
‘ To guide me onward through the maze
‘ Form’d by my vagrant erring ways,
‘ And by your counsels sage restore
‘ My state to what it was before.

‘ I know full well all you must feel
‘ Who love me with such fervent zeal :
‘ But calm your thoughts, my faithful friend ;
‘ Things at the worst are sure to mend.
‘ We must not sit down here and sigh ;
‘ That will not cure calamity.
‘ The man who was to hardship put,
‘ Because his cart was in a rut,
‘ Petition’d Jove to help him out ;
‘ When Jove replied, you’re young and stout :
‘ Try your own strength, you silly elf ;
‘ And you will do the thing yourself.—
‘ Myself shall do it ; and I view
‘ Another better self in you.
‘ —It now shall be my ardent care
‘ The gaping chasm to repair ;
‘ The gaping chasm I have made,
‘ By wild extravagance betray’d ;
‘ And now the plan I would pursue
‘ I solemnly submit to you.
‘ —Think not these bars my peace invade,
‘ Or walls that do my chamber shade ;
‘ The deed I’ll do will give me rest,
‘ And let in sunshine on my breast :
‘ Adversity to Reason’s eyes,
‘ Is oft a blessing in disguise.

‘ I ’m not yet sick nor melancholy ;
‘ All this is interest paid for folly :
‘ I ’ll bear it as the just intent
‘ Of Heaven to be my punishment.
‘ Though by the harpies of the Law
‘ I now were forc’d to lay on straw,
‘ In pain and in misfortune’s spite,
‘ My future doings shall be right :
‘ Honour and Justice shall prevail,
‘ And flourish with me in a Jail.
‘ —If my dear Mother had but liv’d,
‘ If CÆLIA had the chase surviv’d ;
‘ If they had to these years been given,
‘ If either had been spar’d by Heaven ;
‘ Your HENRY ne’er would have been hurl’d
‘ Into the vortex of the world :
‘ ’Twas a sad error, for my grief
‘ In that wild world to seek relief.
‘ But now, thank Heaven, my folly’s o’er :
‘ I trust that I shall sin no more ;
‘ Nor, in the end, will I disgrace
‘ The name and honour of my race.
‘ Whether my debts are right or wrong,
‘ Whether the time be short or long,
‘ Here I ’ll remain till all are paid :
‘ To that account my scheme is laid.

‘ If dire necessity demands,
‘ I and this prison will shake hands.
‘ Have I been dup’d, mislead and cheated ?
‘ ’Tis I who have myself ill-treated.
‘ To seal the contracts I was willing,
‘ And I will pay the utmost shilling.
‘ The *Usurers* came not to me ;
‘ ’Twas I paid court to usury :
‘ Their aid I ask’d, their faith I tried,
‘ And I rejoic’d when they complied.
‘ —But hear me further ;—GRACEFUL HALL
‘ Must not, my friend, to ruin fall ;
‘ And o’er its large and fine domain
‘ Let its unceasing beauty reign ;
‘ And keep it with attentive care,
‘ As if its owner flourish’d there :
‘ There nought must look like waste or ruin,
‘ The oaks must feel not my undoing.
‘ Let not the poor, who us’d to share
‘ My annual alms and Christmas fare,
‘ Lose, to my misery and shame,
‘ The smiling boon they us’d to claim.
‘ On GRANNY’s grave your care bestow :
‘ There let the Summer Flow’rets blow,
‘ And the bright evergreens be found
‘ Upon the consecrated ground.

‘ Though on the waves of folly tost,
‘ Though for a time forgot and lost,
‘ The lessons, by her care imprest
‘ And rooted deep within my breast,
‘ Again resume their quick’ning power
‘ And animate the present hour.
‘ —Nor let the sacred, fatal spot
‘ Where CÆLIA perish’d be forgot :
‘ Protect from harm the Cypress shade,
‘ Where Death his cruel power display’d.
‘ These trifles must my rent-roll spare :—
‘ And now, with calculating care,
‘ Inform me when its affluent power
‘ Will give me Freedom’s honest hour.
‘ I’ve done, and leave you to look o’er
‘ This sad and lamentable score :
‘ ’Tis a sad sample of my sinning :—
‘ But let us come to a beginning.’

FAITHFUL

‘ In looking over this account,
‘ Your debts appear of large amount ;
‘ Though not so large as late I fear’d
‘ From the reports which I had heard.
‘ But since you’re here and with the spirit
‘ Which I rejoice that you inherit,

' If you can view that grated bar
 ' And patient hear those portals jar
 ' During five years, each debt you've made,
 ' Shall be with ample honour paid :
 ' Nay more,—I'll answer, you shall come
 ' With a replenish'd coffer home.
 ' This may be done ; but then five years !
 ' To me the term an age appears.
 ' Besides, your health, while thus you dwell
 ' In this foul air and narrow cell
 ' May suffer : O first let me try
 ' To gain your instant liberty !
 ' Then————'

SIR HENRY

———— ' It would be a useless pain :—
 ' All such endeavours will be vain !
 ' Beshrew the dilatory dream !
 ' Mine, FAITHFUL, is the only scheme :
 ' I say, no other shall be tried,
 ' With that my mind is satisfied.
 ' You know me well, or this or none :
 ' The plan is just, 'tis all my own ;
 ' And you will see the bus'ness done. }
 ' When once they view my fair intent,
 ' Hard hearts may soften and relent ;

‘ And, e’er its time, the tyrant law
‘ May loose me from its griping claw.
‘ Once more, I say, on no pretence
‘ Will I be tortur’d with suspense :
‘ O grieve not that you leave me here !
‘ Much worse than this I well can bear.
‘ The soldier in a rude campaign,
‘ The sailor on a boist’rous main,
‘ Does not one half the comfort know
‘ That this dark chamber may bestow.
‘ The man, my friend, when acting right,
‘ Will see the sun at twelve at night ;
‘ Howe’er by outward ills oppress,
‘ Will feel its rays within his breast :
‘ I’ll smile, though every limb should smart,
‘ While there is health within my heart.
‘ — Here are no Duns to fret and tease,
‘ And you have set my heart at ease :
‘ This night within that paltry bed,
‘ I shall, in comfort, lay my head.
‘ My scheme’s the best, you cannot doubt it,
‘ So hurry down and set about it.
‘ Tell, tell good GRAVELY, not to weep,
‘ Nor let my faults disturb his sleep.
‘ He shall the fatted calf prepare
‘ To welcome back the graceless Heir ;

' He will again enjoy his dinner
 ' With the sincere, repentant sinner ;
 ' And shall confirm the pardon given
 ' By the redeeming Grace of Heaven.'
 Old FAITHFUL wond'ring heard, and hurl'd
 A silent curse against a world,
 That by its foul, insidious art,
 Could thus defile a virtuous heart.
 Indeed, he almost ceas'd to grieve
 As he did such commands receive,
 And lowly bending took his leave.

SIR HENRY, whose impetuous mind
 Seiz'd on whatever he design'd,
 For five years settled, soon began
 To better his domestic plan ;
 And by those means which, in our power,
 In dreary Jail or Pleasure's bower,
 Will purchase all, as we well know,
 That each condition can bestow ;
 To better regions he ascends,
 Where a more decent race attends ;
 Where by no bars the eye's annoy'd,
 And common comforts are enjoy'd.
 His books are rang'd in order due,
 The chess-board, and his music too,

With other implements, appear
 To soothe the mind and charm the ear.
 Thus, banishing his recent cares,
 For five years study he prepares.
 —The Knightⁱ nor sorrowful, nor gay,
 Had got a fortnight on his way,
 When one fine morn, e'er he arose,
 And in the midst of calm repose,
 A sudden noise his slumbers broke,
 And looking round as he awoke,
 A figure by his bed-side stood,
 In humble, smiling attitude,
 Who gave a packet to his hands,
 By good old FAITHFUL's strict commands.
 Sir HENRY, rising in his bed,
 Broke the black seal, and thus he read.

‘ Most honour'd Sir,

‘ The day I bless

‘ That gives me so much happiness.

‘ O such great news I have to tell !

‘ But you, good Sir, deserve it well.

‘ Miss CÆLIA's Father, old SIR JOHN,

‘ To a far better world is gone,

‘ And, as you would have been his Son,

‘ If the young Lady had but liv'd,

‘ Had she that fatal chase surviv'd ;

‘ And as he had no relative
‘ To whom he ought his wealth to give ;
‘ He has, with all due form and care,
‘ Made you his sole and legal heir.
‘ His fine estate to you is known,
‘ Because it haply joins your own,
‘ With a large sum *in statu quo*,
‘ Which will pay every debt you owe.’

Sir HENRY on the paper gaz’d
With eager look and mind amaz’d.
The tears then started from his eyes,
And, with a look of wild surprize,
He left his bed, and on his knee,
In a rapt, pious extasy,
His loud and ardent thanks were given
To the beneficence of Heaven.
—The messenger unus’d to see
Such wild impetuosity,
And seiz’d with symptoms of affright
At the vagaries of the Knight,
Begg’d him, his spirits to compose,
To rise, and to put on his cloaths.
‘ Let not my freaks your mind annoy,
‘ I am half mad, but ’tis with joy.’
Sir HENRY said—‘ You ’re right, my friend,
‘ To your good counsel I ’ll attend :



The wild exuberance of joy
Mr. Reason's sober power destroy.

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‘ And then I think, I can’t do better
‘ Than finish *Faithful’s* wond’rous Letter.’
The night-cap from his head was thrown,
And soon wrapt up in morning gown,
He sat him down upon the bed,
And the remaining pages read.

‘ When I left you, I soon left Town :
‘ To *Graceful Hall* I hasten’d down ;
‘ But soon was hurried to attend
‘ The summons of your worthy friend.
‘ He had been ill for some time past,
‘ And Doctors said he would not last.
‘ At his command I took my seat,
‘ And thus I faithfully repeat,
‘ In his own words, all that he said,
‘ As he reclin’d upon his bed.
‘ —He first enquir’d if all were true
‘ Which country neighbours said of you :
‘ I thought it but a silly pride,
‘ That what was true should be denied ;
‘ I therefore did the whole reveal,
‘ For why should I a word conceal ?
‘ Your present state, your good designs,
‘ In which superior virtue shines,

‘ I did not hesitate to tell,
‘ And he receiv’d the story well.
‘ As he turn’d gently round he sigh’d,
‘ And thus the Baronet replied.
‘ ’Tis nothing, this :—when I was young,
‘ Why I myself did things as wrong.
‘ Besides, my frolics were no more
‘ Than what my Father did before.
‘ Our frailties are to mortals given
‘ To exercise the Grace of Heaven :
‘ They need not fill us with affright,
‘ When, on the whole, our lives are right :
‘ This is a truth I dare avow ;
‘ And it affords me comfort now.
‘ Death brought him to this ugly scrape :
‘ And Death will help him to escape :
‘ For, FAITHFUL, know,’ He smiling said,
‘ All will be right, when I am dead.
‘ If she, alas, who gave him birth,
‘ That Paragon of grace, and worth,
‘ Had been, by Heaven’s mercy spar’d,
‘ His life to guide, his heart to guard ;
‘ If he had my dear Daughter led
‘ To Hymen’s chaste and virtuous bed,
‘ His bark would never have been tost,
‘ Nor threaten’d to be sunk and lost,

‘ Amid those gales the passions blow,
‘ And secret rocks that lurk below ;
‘ No wish would e’er have bid him roam
‘ Beyond the haven of his home.
‘ Into the world he rush’d amain ;
‘ And took the lead in Pleasure’s train :
‘ I trembled when, to check despair,
‘ He sought a dangerous refuge there ;
‘ And as he bent to that gay shrine
‘ Old GRAVELY join’d his fears with mine.
‘ The world, which all its engines mov’d,
‘ Too potent for his reason prov’d ;
‘ Under that power’s supreme command
‘ He fell, alas, where few could stand ;
‘ But, at returning Reason’s call,
‘ He rose, where Reason’s self might fall.
‘ E’en Virtue sometimes languid proves
‘ In the warm heart that Virtue loves ;
‘ Though soon the struggling power returns,
‘ And with an added ardor burns.
‘ But I said nought,—my girl was gone ;
‘ I was left cheerless and alone :
‘ Nor was I of an age to last,
‘ And sport and pastime all were past.
‘ Relief I courted where my mind
‘ By pensive steps became resign’d ;

‘ And STEDFAST, who had taught my youth
‘ The laws of Honour and of Truth,
‘ Now strove to keep within my view
‘ The final bliss to Virtue due,
‘ In Heaven’s everlasting store,
‘ When Life and all its cares are o’er.
‘ HENRY may gain a future Bride :
‘ But I lost all when CÆLIA died :
‘ He was her fond affection’s heir,
‘ And He shall all my fortunes share.
‘ I give him what that Saint in Heaven
‘ Would, had she liv’d, herself have given ;
‘ And, as I trust to see her soon,
‘ The ANGEL will applaud the boon.

‘ Here his voice paus’d ;—he sunk to sleep,
‘ And I remain’d to sigh and weep.
‘ The thought of you my sorrow dried :
‘ But he ne’er woke :—that night he died.
‘ —Good Parson STEDFAST, by the will
‘ Is nam’d its objects to fulfill ;
‘ And when fulfill’d, you, Sir, are bound
‘ To pay him twice five thousand pound.
‘ To the tomb where Miss CÆLIA lies,
‘ He will attend the obsequies

‘ Of his old Friend ; That duty done
‘ He then with me will haste to Town ;
‘ And soon the joyous day will come
‘ That brings you back in triumph home :—
‘ Nor will that day more joy impart
‘ E’en to your own recover’d heart,
‘ Than to that, long with grief opprest,
‘ Which beats within old Faithful’s breast.’

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONCLUSION

THE Letter read, Sir HENRY seem'd
In doubt, if he awoke or dream'd.
He ceas'd not to patrol the floor
Between the window and the door
And conn'd the paper ten times o'er. }
The day past on, but it was night,
E'er this high fever of delight,
Calm'd by reflection 'gan to cease,
And left him to an hour of peace.

It must be thought a waste of time,
To tell in my plain, simple rhyme,
The varying progress of those cares
In winding up the Knight's affairs,
Which pious worth and faithful love
With rigid honour sought to prove.

A tedious month indeed was past,
But all was settled right at last.

At length, once more Sir HENRY smil'd
In Wealth and Virtue undefil'd ;
And, with a long farewell to Town,
To GRACEFUL HALL he hasten'd down.

—The country round in best array
Made it a joyous holiday,
To meet Sir HENRY on his way. }

The maids were crowned with many a flower
To decorate the welcome hour ;
And as the swains, their zeal to show,
Each wav'd aloft a verdant bough,
It seem'd when they approach'd to greet him,
As if a wood mov'd on to meet him.

The May-poles were with garlands hung,
The bells in every village rung,
And joy was heard from every tongue. }

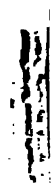
—At the Hall-door, sage GRAVELY stood
In solemn, but enraptur'd mood ;
And, though, from joy, he scarce could speak,
His welcome warm burst forth in Greek.
While, on the lawns the croud rejoice
The woods throw back th' exulting voice,

And song and dance, and mirth delay
The pleasures of the festal day.

SIR HENRY now prepar'd the feasts
To welcome as his honour'd guests
Each neighbour of an high degree,
With splendid hospitality.
—Now first the Mansion opens wide
Its portals in Palladian pride ;
Now first the Banquets grace the Hall,
And wealth and beauty hear the call,
Of festive pleasure, to the bowers
Where reason consecrates the hours.
Among the rest AMANDA came,
A *Soldier's* child : The Father's fame
Had been enroll'd for glorious deed
With those who for their country bleed ;
And, after many a battle fought,
His native woods in honour sought.
She had been CÆLIA's friend ; they lov'd
Like sisters as their fondness prov'd ;
And in her voice, her air, her mien,
CÆLIA, by partial eyes, was seen :
And when she touch'd the trembling string,
And when Sir HENRY heard her sing,



Sweet is the voice whose powers can move,
And call the vagrant heart to Love.



As he gaz'd on the charming Fair,
He thought he saw his CÆLIA there.
Now, after friendly visits paid,
He thus address'd th' accomplish'd maid.
' AMANDA, to my words attend :—
' I've lost my Love, and you your friend :
' Strive *your lost friend* in me to view,
' And *Love* shall be restor'd in you :
' Nor will your warm regard deny
' What pious Fancy may supply.
' If to our CÆLIA it is given,
' From her Angelic state in Heaven,
' To view the scenes of former love,
' O will she not our vows approve ?
' And, as a guardian Angel, bless
' Our earthly course of happiness !
' As her estates to me descend,
' O let me claim her faithful Friend :
' That Legacy I should prefer
' To all I shall receive from her.'
Their mutual loss they fondly griev'd
And then each other's vows receiv'd.

When the intended rites were known,
One sentiment, and that alone

Throughout the country wide prevail'd,
 For All the happy omens hail'd :
 An Hymen form'd by passion pure,
 Whose pleasures promis'd to endure,
 As Virtue would the union bless
 With prospect fair of happiness.

—Again the country round looks gay
 To grace Sir HENRY's wedding-day.
 The Knight went not in cap-a-pié,
 Or any form of chivalry ;
 But did, in better shape appear,
 With twenty thousand pounds a year.

—In coach-and-six He's seen to come
 To fetch his lov'd AMANDA home.
 The GENERAL, in due order, waits
 To meet him at his Mansion gates ;
 And, with a kind of martial pride,
 Conducts him to th' expecting bride :
 The blushing Bride now yields her
 hand :

In smiling *Hymen's* holy band :
 The surplic'd GRAVELY joins the pair, }
 And as his eyes direct the prayer, }
 The tears were seen to glisten there. }
 —Old FAITHFUL who, for many a day,
 Had not put on his best array,



Blest Hymen, whose propitious hour
Restores to virtue all its power.

With curious look and anxious mien,
Comes forward to behold the scene.
' By Heaven,' he cried, ' she's such another,
' As was my dear Sir HENRY's Mother :
' So that this Marriage will be crown'd
' With blessings to the country round.'
—The fatted ox was roasted whole,
Replenish'd was the cheering bowl,
And labour cast its cares away,
To share the pleasures of the day.
The num'rous feast, the dance and song
Did the delightful hours prolong ;
Till the bright Queen of Evening shone,
In splendour from her azure throne ;
When, with a heart-warm wish from all,
The Bride was borne to GRACEFUL HALL.

Hail, wedded Love, mysterious flame !
Or by whatever varying name,
We may describe the sacred band
That Hymen's solemn rites command !
Hail, chaste and pure connubial Love !
The happiest state that man can prove,
In ev'ry scene and changeful way
Of passing Life's uncertain day !

—Live we in joy,—an heighten'd measure
Is found in sharing mutual pleasure :
Does dreary care our haunts invade,
And o'er our sun-shine cast a shade,
When fond and faithful hearts combine,
The beams again are seen to shine.
No way is tedious, rough or long,
If Love beguiles it with a song.
Thrice happy they in pure delights
Whom Love, with mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
To the declining hours of Life.

Such were the pair whom Hymen led
To the congenial, fruitful bed :
Alike in temper, and in thought,
Alike with all those feelings fraught,
That give to duty every grace,
That call a smile on every face ;
Whose reason does their time employ,
Whose fond endearments never cloy ;
And only in one strife are lost
Of who shall love and please the most.
—'Tis not to tell how, day by day,
They pass their well-spent life away,

They, like their Sires before, are found
The blessing of the country round.
New forests rise, and to the glade
He gives an unexpected shade ;
Calls water from the distant rill,
The marshy, rushy, vale to fill.
But ever by his side she's seen
On dusky hill or summit green ;
Or where the arch or temple rise
To meet the trav'ler's wondering eyes,
While Venus' form, or Flora fair
Tells that Arcadia prospers there.
Whether in study, hall or bower,
Time claims the grave or lively hour ;
Whether in bright or cloudy weather,
The pair were always seen together.
—As years waft on, the little elves,
The happy pictures of themselves,
Encrease the groupe, and form the train
On the shorn lawn or labour'd plain,
And share what rural pastimes yield
By streamlet side or flow'ry field ;
Or in gay barge, with dashing oar
The Lake's wide boundaries they explore,
And eager drag the finny brood
From the recesses of the flood.

—For now no more, with echoing horn
 Or clam'rous hound to wake the morn,
 The Knight his sylvan course would take
 Through thicket green or leafy brake ;
 All DIAN's pomp was laid aside
 When her chaste rival CÆLIA died :
 But tasteful sport, and high-ton'd glee
 Cheer his proud hospitality.
 His studious hours he oft relieves
 In list'ning to the heart that grieves :
 Oft he will quit an ancient sage
 To counsel youth or comfort age :
 Nor e'er does he create a gloom
 But in his solemn *Justice Room* ;
 Where, with a look inspiring awe
 He lays down Magisterial law.
 Whene'er a charge is strong and clear, }
 He never fails to be severe ;
 But from a whisper in his ear, }
 Of her sweet voice, who ne'er doth say,
 ' I pray you now,'—and fear a *Nay* !

Poor *Joseph Toms*, to state a brawl
 So seldom known at GRACEFUL HALL,
 To please his wife had set a snare ;
 The pregnant Dame long'd for a hare.



The hare was caught, a lawless act,
And *Joe* was taken in the fact.
The blust'ring Keeper told his tale,
The Constable well-prim'd with ale,
Proudly assum'd official grace,
With scowling eye and angry face :
While the poor Culprit ne'er denied
The luckless deed he could not hide.
His guilt seem'd fully to appear,
Sir HENRY frown'd—the Law was clear :
When, what will not affection do,
The kneeling Wife began to sue.

‘ The hares, I beg your Honour’s pardon,
‘ But they oft come to our small garden,
‘ And then I’m ready, Sir, to own,
‘ We with a stick have knock’d them down :
‘ They eat our greens from top to stem,
‘ And we have made a meal on them.
‘ He never set a snare before,
‘ Nor shall he ever do it more.
‘ So look, good Sir, to my condition,
‘ And grant, in pity, my petition.
‘ We’re not your Tenants, if we were,
‘ We should your gen’ral bounties share,
‘ Nor ever want to steal a hare. }

‘ This Boy, now kneeling on the floor,
‘ And I have five fine children more,
‘ Would not be ragged and neglected
‘ But by your kindness be protected.’
My Lady whisper’d—‘ set him free :
‘ Nor doom seven souls to misery :
‘ Chain not a man who sets a snare,
‘ Because his wife long’d for a hare,
‘ Or to afford a welcome treat
‘ To those who seldom look on meat.’
‘ —I’ll leave it all, my Love, to you’ :
Sir HENRY mutter’d, and withdrew.
‘ —Go, give,’ she said, ‘ that trembl’ing
 sinner,
‘ Nay, give them all a hearty dinner ;
‘ And let them a full basket take,
‘ For their poor little children’s sake.
‘ And now, good woman, if I find
‘ Your general conduct to my mind,
‘ You will my kind protection share,
‘ Nor ever steal another hare.’

But, it was rare, indeed, to see
A scene of vicious tendency
Within Sir HENRY’s wide domain :
’Twas there as in a golden reign,

Due order ev'ry where prevail'd,
And sacred duties seldom fail'd.
Example, in the highest place,
Call'd forth respect from ev'ry face,
And did the virtuous wish impart
For smiling praise, in ev'ry heart:
Nay who by evil dare offend
The kind and universal friend.
—It was a rule SIR HENRY made,
And which he rigidly obey'd,
To keep Religion as the ground
On which all happiness is found.
Not what the warm fanatic proves,
Whose zeal with ardent fancy moves;
Not where desponding thoughts molest
The native joy of Virtue's breast;
But as a power that bids us shun
What Conscience says should not be done;
And ever to keep in our view,
What Conscience says we ought to do:
That gives us patience how to bear
A Life, at best, so full of care;
Controuls the passions when they rise,
And heals our frail infirmities;
Keeps duty in its active course,
Gives to the mind its proper force;

And, in whatever state we move,
Or high or low, ne'er fails to prove,
A sure resource when ills annoy ;
An Holy Spring of real Joy,
That cheers our hope when Life must die,
And points to Immortality.
—These principles were understood,
As different classes are endued
With thought and means to comprehend
Their general tendency and end.
'Twas but to know the right from wrong,
Instructed by inspir'd tongue,
And thus to pass their useful days
In duteous acts and grateful praise.
—Hence noise and brawls were seldom heard,
Nor vice, nor idleness appear'd.
—On Sundays there was never seen
A straggler on the village green ;
To public worship all repair,
Assur'd to meet SIR HENRY there :
The first and best example he
Of unaffected piety.

Thus terminates our various measure,
Mysterious course of pain and pleasure.



By piety's due rites is given
To hold communion with Heaven.

—Here then we close the mingled scene
That fill'd up all the space between
The boyish days and manhood's prime,
To sober years matur'd by time.
We've seen the Sun, with early ray,
Give promise of the fairest day :
—We've seen the rival passions rise
Whose flaming flash deforms the skies :
—We've seen the world's delusive art
Suspend the virtues of the heart,
And Reason yield its guiding reins
To the tide rushing through the veins
In flow tumultuous, when the hour
Of pleasure rul'd with lawless power.
Distress, with all its horror, came,
Disgrace now threaten'd ancient name,
While it appear'd that thus o'erthrown,
Fortune and Honour all were gone ;
But a new scene the shades disclose,
And light amidst the darkness rose :
For sacred Virtue well impress'd
And printed in the early breast,
'Midst ev'ry ill and toil and pain,
Did, still a slumb'ring power retain ;
At length did from its prison break,
And to returning vigour wake.

Thus Virtue claims Heaven's fond regard,
And, after trial, finds reward :
Honour and Love, and Wealth combine
To make the days unclouded shine.
Here Life delights, here nought is seen
But active peace and joy serene ;
The whole of Duty understood
And luxury of doing good.
—Here we behold a num'rous race,
Whose daughters share the mother's grace,
Whose sons, the father's anxious care,
Promise, as yet, those fruits to bear,
Which minds, from frail example free,
May bring to fair maturity.
Here Virtue then may view with pride
The picture of her FIRE SIDE ;
And to that all benignant power
Who rules the year, the day, the hour,
We leave them, in the allotment given,
To pass through what remains of Life,—to
Heaven.

THE END



Here virtue views with smiling pride,
The scenes of her fire-side,

